

**SONGS
OF
JOHNNY
CASH**



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Introduction by Christopher S. Wren

Music arranged by Leo Alfassy

Designed by Ira Friedlander and Will Hopkins

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TO MY BROTHER, JACK D. CASH



We lost you one sad day in May 1944

*Though the songs that we sang
Are gone from the cotton fields
I can hear the sound of your voice
As they are sung far and wide*

In loving memory

Your brother, J. R.

SONGS

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THE RESTLESS BALLAD OF JOHNNY CASH

Introduction by Christopher S. Wren

"It's amazing that such a nothing-looking place could mean so much to you." John R. Cash squinted across the cotton fields that defined the horizons of his boyhood in Dyess, Arkansas. It was his third trip home in ten years. A cotton stalk with a ragged boll that the picking machine had missed snapped under his soft black boot. "I can remember my mother out chopping cotton in that field when she didn't feel like it. I could pick two hundred pounds of cotton right now, not that I want to. It's something you don't forget."

As a teen-ager twenty years ago — they called him J. R. then — he picked 350 pounds a day, dragging a nine-foot-long sack down the tangled rows. Today, at thirty-eight, Johnny Cash is a superstar firmly embedded in the firmament of country music.

Such music was spawned in the rural poverty of the white South. It is Cash's world. Even in foreign fields (at the London Palladium, he broke all attendance records), Cash paces his show like a backwoods revival. Clad in black, his favorite color, he fills the stage — a towering circuit rider selling salvation. He scratches his D-28 Martin guitar high across the inlaid neck, flings it across his back, pulls two harmonicas from his swallowtailed preacher's coat. Guitar, bass, and drum behind him amplify the tempo. Converts not mesmerized in their seats walk forward in steady procession, each to pop the flashbulb of a tiny plastic camera at his sweating face.

Though he needs two corporations to handle his business — they make him possibly the only executive who cracks walnuts with his teeth — Johnny Cash can't really remember

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how many shows he does a year ("a couple of hundred, at least"), how many songs he's written, how many awards they've racked up. He is driven by darker recollections: when he was young, it took hours and nearly eighty pounds of cotton to fill that nine-foot sack.

Johnny Cash performs the midwifery on his uncommon songs in pencil across long yellow paper, then tucks the finished lyrics inside a black folder "to give them an air of mystery." They hit with the blunt, sometimes violent imagery of a tale told firsthand. Cash conjures up the delirium of an escaped convict dying in the desert: *Then up jumped the Devil and ran away laughing. He drank all the waterholes dry.* He crams a simple declaration with protest: *I'd sing more about more of this land, but all God's children ain't free.* Most often, the words disclose a plain-style Faulknerian preoccupation with his rural South.

Country music, if it meets any definition, tells a story. Johnny Cash, who finds hard times something to sing about, has a lot of stories to tell. In the winter of 1935, Ray Cash, a farmer busted by the Depression, put his wife, six kids, and a few belongings in an old truck. Franklin Delano Roosevelt had opened Dyess Colony, fourteen thousand scrub acres up in northeast Arkansas. A man who cleared the land would get twenty acres with a house, barn, and mule.

"I was almost four," Johnny Cash remembers, "but I remember the ice hanging off the trees. It was raining and freezing all the way up. We found house Number 266 and moved in. All us kids slept on the floor that night."

His father and oldest brother hacked out ten acres the first year and planted cotton. They killed water moccasins and a wildcat big

enough for three Cash children to lie down on the hide. A good crop brought two bales to the acre. "Dyess Colony was our salvation," says Cash. "I don't know what we would have done otherwise. Probably been following the wheat crop and going to the dogs like the others."

If FDR brought Johnny Cash to Dyess, country music pulled him away. At fourteen he was hauling two five-gallon water jugs for the work gangs along the Tyronza River. He earned two and a half dollars a day: "They kept me running as fast as I could. I'd turn on the radios in the workmen's cars when I was getting the water, and slip in and listen to the country songs."

He even answered music-magazine ads that promised to publish the songs he had begun writing. Sure he was naïve, he says. "They didn't get any of my money because I couldn't raise it. That's the only reason, though."

One July morning in 1950, Johnny Cash — still plowing with two mules — worked in the cotton fields. That afternoon, he joined the Air Force. He was trained as a radio intercept operator and sent to Germany, where he bought his first guitar. After four years, he got out as a staff sergeant.

The way he figured it, he could get into country music as a disc jockey. Heading for Memphis, he enrolled in a radio-announcing course. To support himself, he sold appliances door to door. Cash recalls that he wasn't any good: "I hated every minute. Once in a while, down in the poorest sections of town, I'd sell a used washing machine."

He also hunted the chance to sing. Three times, he asked Sun Records in Memphis for a tryout. He waited six months for one audi-

tion, arrived to find it canceled. Finally, after a year, he was given a few minutes. His songs clicked, were recorded, and sold well. A low-key ode to fidelity, "I Walk the Line," shot him into the major leagues. Cash has pulled big at record shop and box office ever since. His mileage spans twenty-six LP albums for Columbia.

A complex spirit who finds the entire world a little claustrophobic, Cash was stretched tauter by the demands of his success. About 1961, he turned to a stimulant, Dexedrine, to keep up. To relax, then, he needed a tranquilizer. He was soon locked into the cruel cycle of "nice" drugs, which were legally available on any doctor's prescription.

One night stopped him cold. "I woke up in jail in Georgia and didn't remember how I got there." A policeman had found him wandering the streets and brought him in to sleep it off. Cash quit pills then and there, outlasting the chill sweats and nightmares. "I had no trouble straightening up," he insists. "I was ready for the gutter, you know. Now I consider myself a good man. I don't make excuses. I guess this is the first time I've talked about it."

His ordeal was private, because the country-music business is still wholesome enough to worry over its own. "The guy has so much good in him," says one Nashville writer who admires Cash, "that none of his friends deserted him. John's got a miracle pulling for him, and that's June Carter."

Cash married June Carter in March 1968. "I couldn't be happy with her if I hadn't started living right," he says. June, with the kind of scrubbed good looks that college girls used to have, is full of old-fangled femininity. She rises at 5:30 A.M. to cook the family

breakfast. A large Bible sits in their living room, another in the dining room. Naturally, June delivers the impromptu grace before meals. She cuts John's hair, presses his pants, serves up the squirrels that he sometimes shoots for dinner, and bakes fresh biscuits in the tiny galley of their tour bus. At the hint of criticism, she rushes to defend her man ("He's done a lot that other men would like to do if they had the guts!").

She herself is an impressive talent, bred to the country sound. An offspring of the Carter Family of folkmusic legend, June picked guitar and sang on Nashville's Grand Ole Opry for seventeen years and has sung with John in the Cash show since 1961. Their son, John Carter Cash, was born March 3, 1970.

They used to spend two-thirds of the year on the road, playing mostly one-night stands. Half the time, when the auditoriums were small, they piggybacked two shows. Now Cash's successful television show on ABC-TV keeps him at home in Tennessee for much of the year. In Nashville's Grand Ole Opry where the show is taped, in New York's Madison Square Garden, and in high school gymnasiums, Cash belts out of the right side of his mouth whatever songs come to mind onstage. June, when she isn't singing, often works with the lighting man; her guesses are the cue sheet.

Cash is most at peace when he can sprawl out in his oval living room at home or wander the woods nearby. On tour, he walls himself behind a screen of antic restlessness. The long airport waits nearly drive him crazy. He gobbles hot dogs, buys and flips through a half dozen magazines and books at a single sitting. When he loses sight of June, he yells what-

ever pet name comes to mind until she rushes up while onlookers stare.

June started filling a black "couth" book with suggestions for John: *Do not sing bluegrass songs in airports; do not eat sardines and crackers on airplanes*. Her hopes have not been particularly rewarded.

Small-boy mischief masks his fascination with her. "I like you better'n my first bicycle," he tells her solemnly, "or watermelon, or — hell, I dunno — a new pair of shoes on a rocky road."

A broad six feet two inches, with plow-scarred hands, Johnny Cash looks tough. He is. As a boy, he swam across the Mississippi River below Memphis. More recently, he bushwhacked his jeep up and over Tennessee's 2,126-foot Lookout Mountain in a four-hour grind. But he isn't hard. Driving home from Florida, he picked up a hitchhiker who wanted to become a singer, and gave the young man a valuable twelve-string guitar when he let him out. When the local high-school band in Hendersonville, Tennessee, was invited to the Orange Bowl, Cash put on a show and raised the travel expenses. "I'm not that damn noble," he says defensively, "but you've got to do something."

At his core, Cash has retained a Baptist spiritual conviction imparted to him by his mother, Carrie. He knows most of the Gospel stories by heart. A couple of years ago, he took his wife June to Israel, where they put together an album full of his songs and narratives about the Holy Land.

Cash has ridden causes that are intensely personal. Part Cherokee himself, he has long battled for the neglected American Indian. His bitter protest songs have become a famil-

iar part of the Cash repertoire. When he can, he puts on benefits at the reservations to raise money.

Another compassion, for convicts, haunts his songs. He has played many of the big penitentiaries, with repeats at San Quentin and Folsom. At the Texas state prison in Huntsville, he stood singing in driving rain after the wet amplifiers had shorted out. In Arkansas, he helped finance a prison chapel.

"I don't see anything good come out of a prison," he argues. "You put them in like animals and tear the souls and guts out of them, and let them out worse than they went in."

The new country sound of popular music is not new to Cash. All along, he has been country, pop and folk. Now, he ranks among the top singers in any music, but he's not overly impressed.

On a recent tour, the red-and-white Cash bus was parked outside a lunch joint in southern Virginia. Inside, Johnny Cash had just swallowed a ham and egg sandwich and a bacon and tomato, ordered and eaten a steak sandwich "like that one" at the next booth, and tried a bite of June's butterscotch pie, liked it, and finished the whole wedge. He'd buy a ten-cent chocolate bar on the way out.

At another table, some teen-agers dropped a dime into the jukebox. "Folsom Prison Blues" filled the room: *I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die*. Cash hummed along a little with himself, got bored, and chewed up the ice in his glass. Slouched in the booth, he stared out the window. Abruptly, he turned to his wife to share with her what had become the most wondrous thing in the world: "Just look at those clouds rolling the other side of that mountain, June love."

Mr. Wren, a senior editor at *Look* Magazine, is currently working on a biography of Johnny Cash.

**SONGS
OF
JOHNNY
CASH**







RAILROAD
CROSSING







EARLY DAYS



In 1935, Father Ray Cash (center, holding his son, Tommy) moved his family to a Dyess, Arkansas farm. Eldest son, Roy, stands beside him with his own son, Roy, Jr. Next to Roy is sister Reba. Mother Carrie holds Roy's daughter, Jan, and by her knee is daughter

Joann. Beside her, Roy's wife, Dene. At this time, young Johnny Cash (opposite page) was already working a full day in the cotton fields.

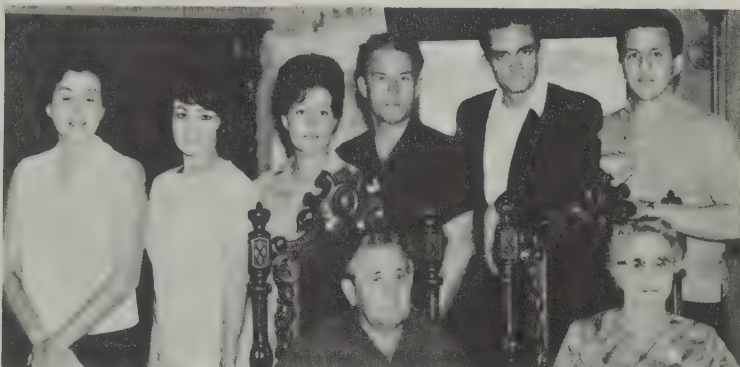
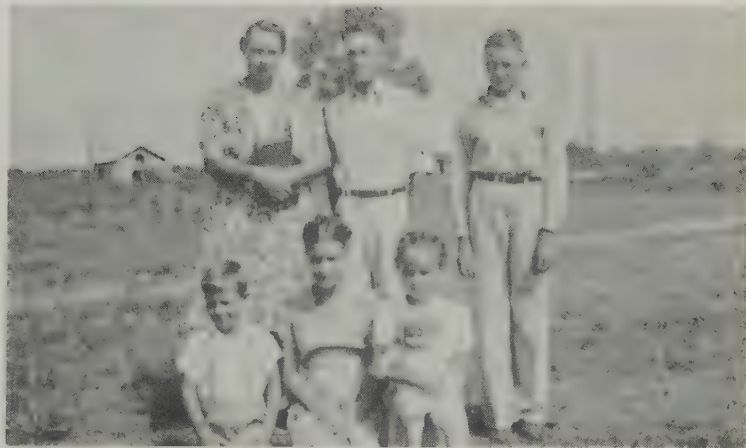




Schoolmates remember him as a quiet boy with a strong interest in swimming.



When Cash moved to California in 1959, he brought his parents with him.



Top: left to right, Joann, Reba, Roy, Mother, Father, Johnny, Tommy. Papa and Mama Cash, seated.

Bottom: Johnny Cash's first year at his house in Hendersonville was the occasion for a family reunion. Left to right, Louise,

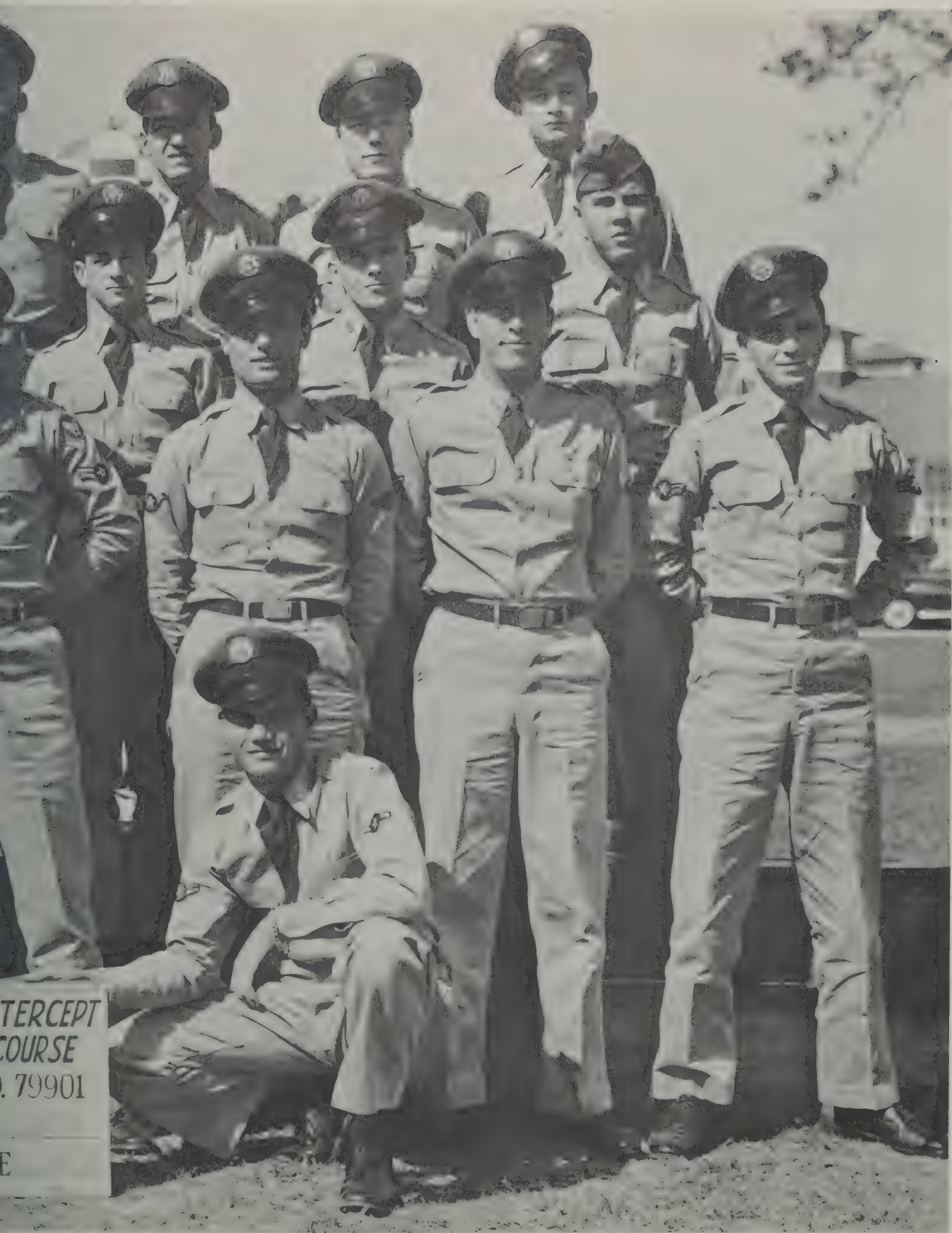


At Dyess, Arkansas,
the Cash family
stands next to their
first car. Johnny
Cash is on the
extreme right.



Cash was a Radio Intercept Operator assigned to the Air Force Security Service in Germany. His tour of duty extended from July 1950 to July 1954. Here (top row, right), with his class at Brooke Air Force Base in San Antonio.





After the Air
Force, Cash first
started singing
around Memphis.



Later, he toured
with Elvis Presley,
and with Carl
Perkins, and with
Roy Orbison. They
all began roughly
about the same
time.





He began singing from the flat beds of trucks, at church socials, at clubs, at country dances. Later, he graduated to Louisiana Hayride and the Grand Ole Opry. Cash's first great hits were: "Cry, Cry, Cry," "Hey, Porter," "Ballad of a Teenage Queen," "I Walk the Line."



Tours take Cash to
Indian reservations
and concert halls.



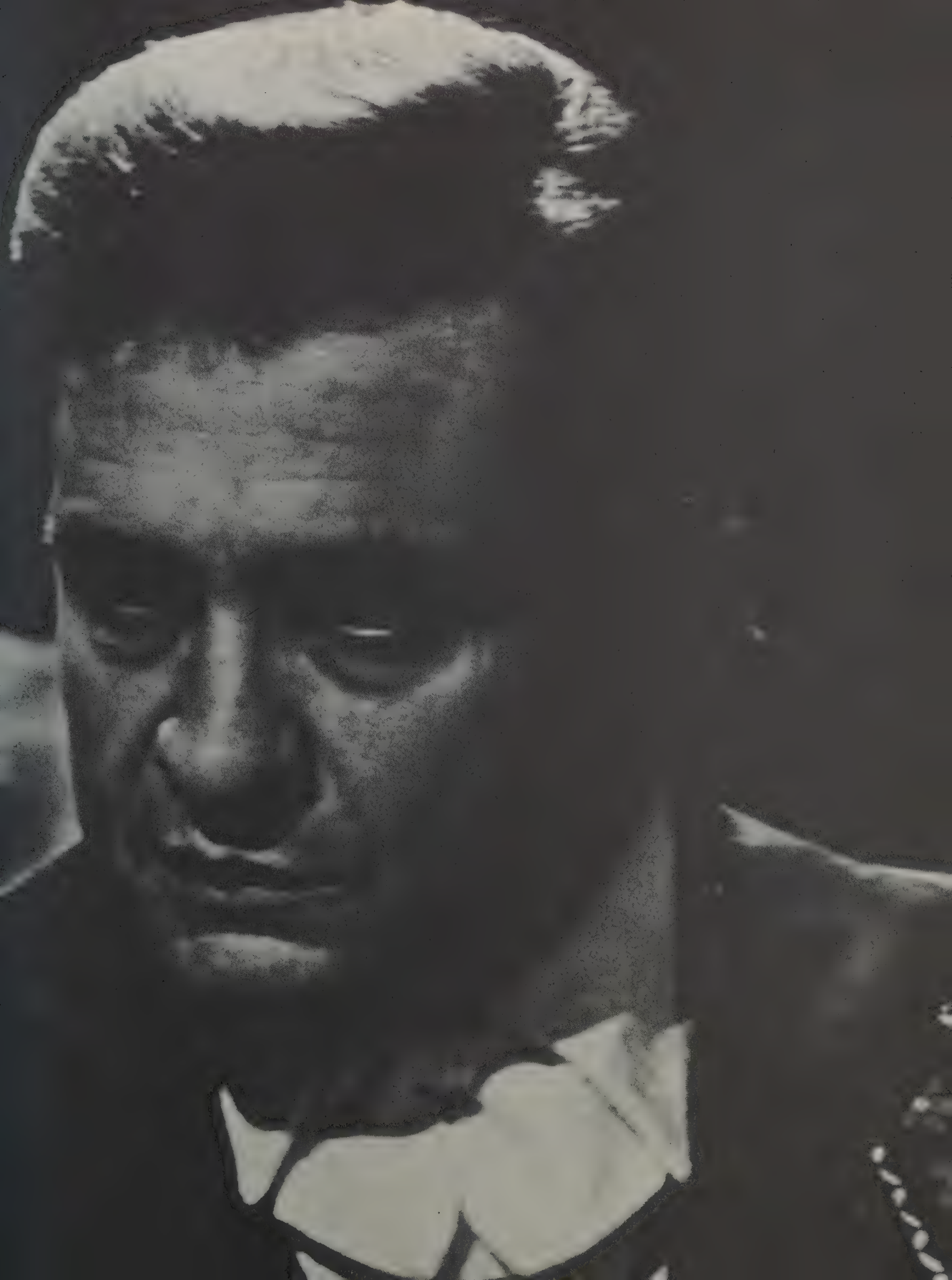
**Johnny Cash's
San Diego
address!**



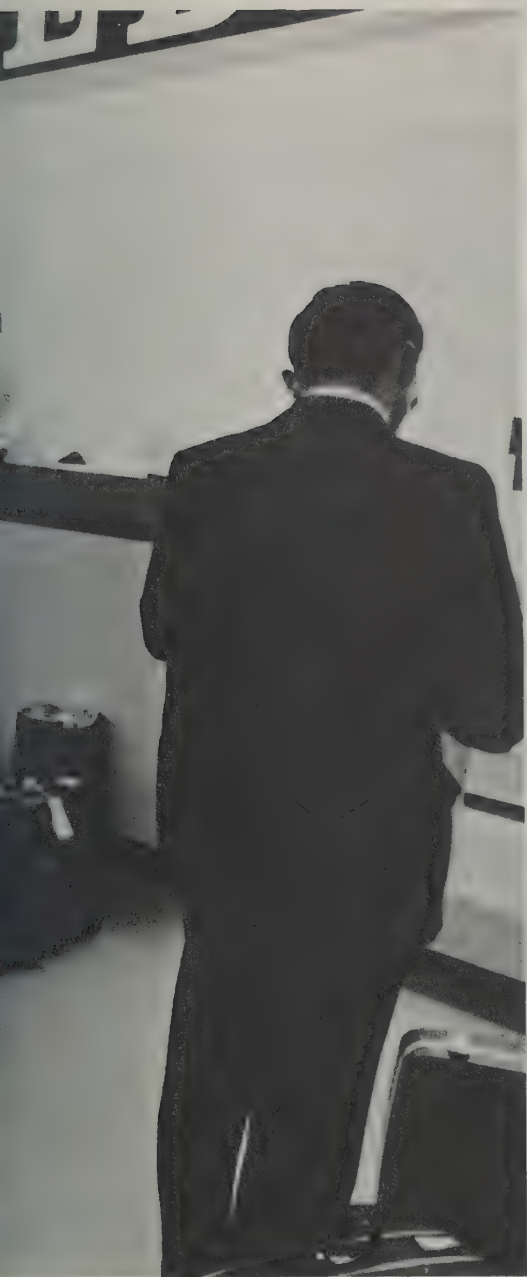
**RADIO
124
KSON**

On the far left,
bottom, Cash ac-
cepts a Country
Music Association
Award. On left,
Cash is backed by
Carl Perkins, Bob
Wooten, and The
Statler Brothers.









ON THE ROAD

Television and films have made inroads into his touring time, but Cash is still a traveling man. Here, with Carl Perkins and the troupe's luggage, at the airport in Kingsport, Tenn.



June Carter stands in the dressing room entrance at Ole Miss watching her husband perform.






The Cash Show
used to tour almost
exclusively by bus.
Here, John with
his wife, June.



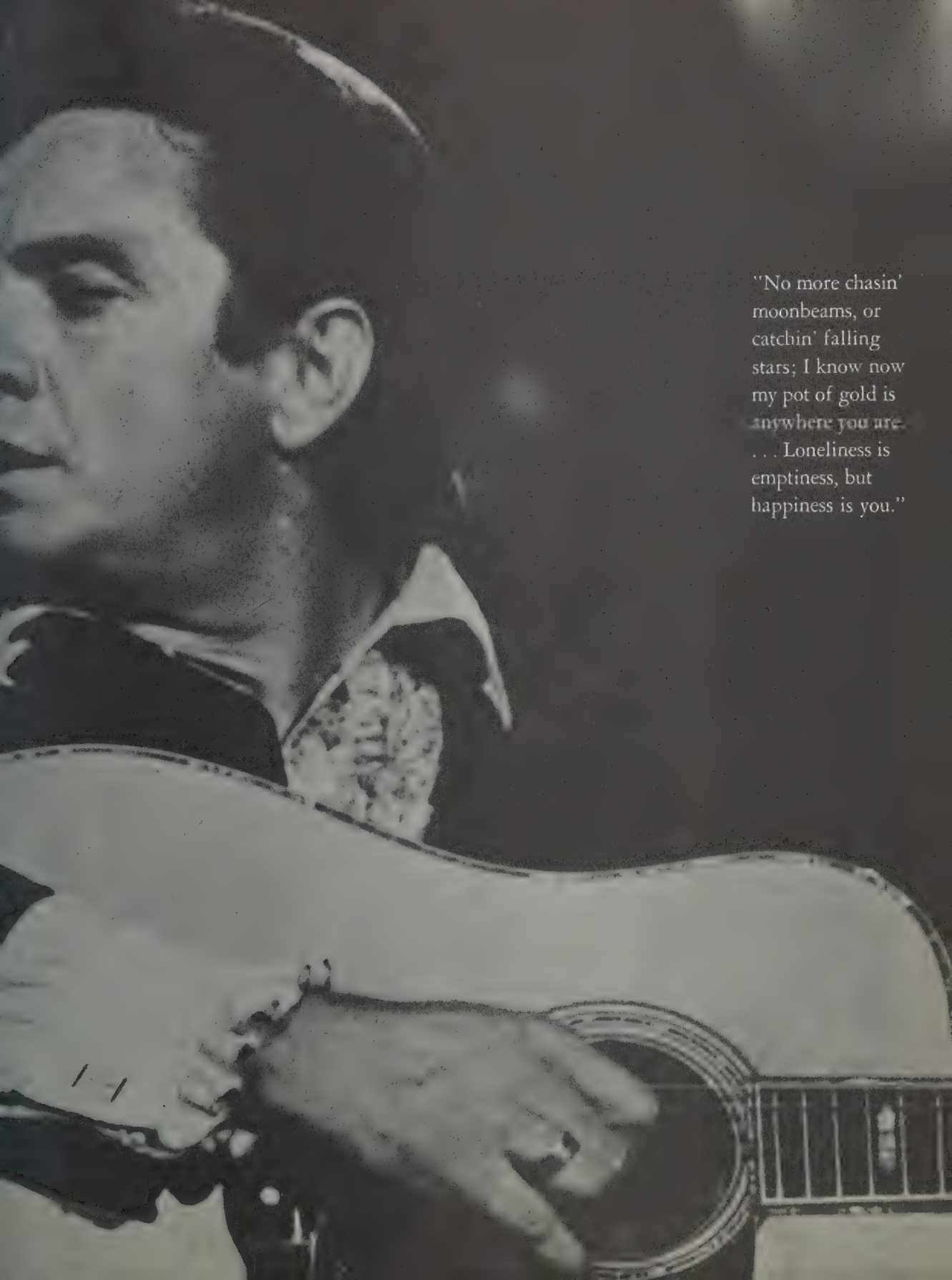






June joins Johnny
for a song at a
one-night stand in
Charleston, West
Virginia, backed by
The Tennessee
Three (Bob
Wooten, W. S.
Holland, and
Marshall Grant).





"No more chasin'
moonbeams, or
catchin' falling
stars; I know now
my pot of gold is
anywhere you are.
... Loneliness is
emptiness, but
happiness is you."





DOWN HOME

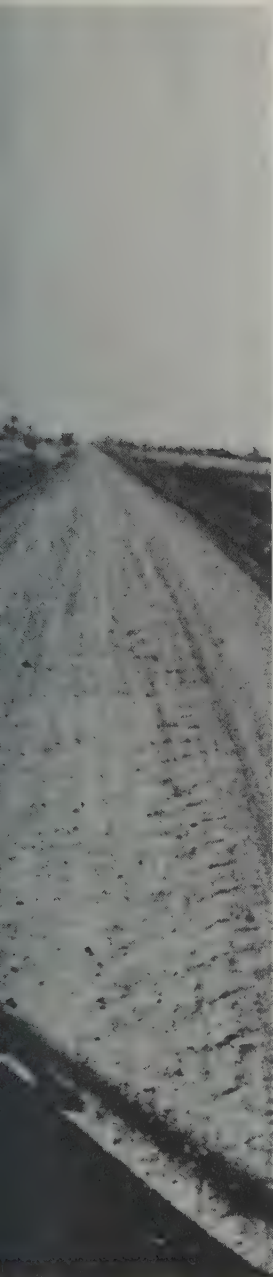
Cash returns to visit the house he had left almost twenty years before to join the Air Force. The barn is now gone, but the trees his father planted when they settled there now shadow the five-room house. "It was hard work, but it was a happy place."



John and June explore a deserted three-room "shotgun shack" down the road from his old house in Dyess.





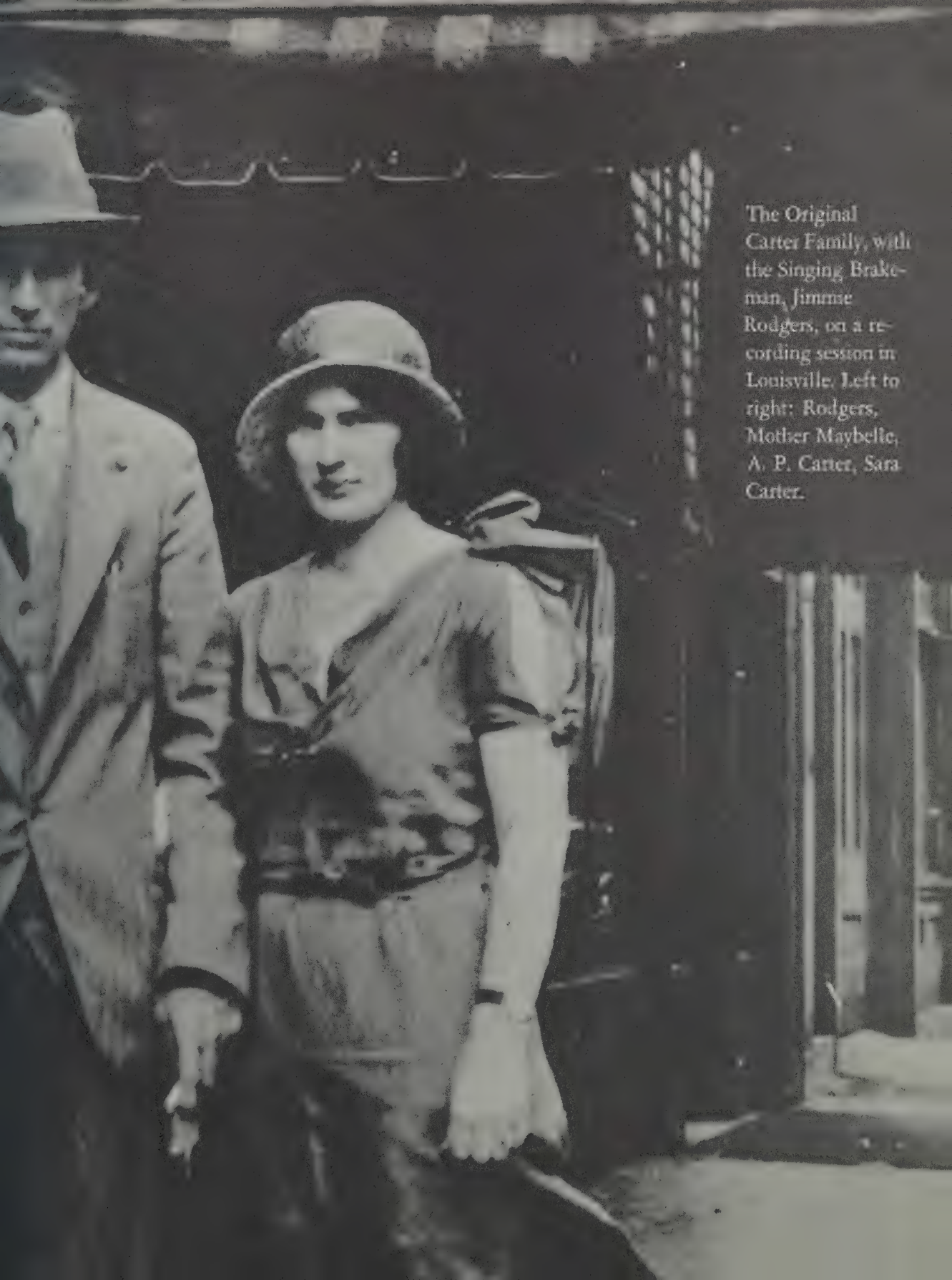


John visits with Dyess cotton farmer Vernon Swindle. Swindle confirmed Cash's estimate of a bale and a half yield per acre.



In the fields of Dyess, June Cash, an Appalachian mountain girl, learns to pick cotton from an old hand who, as a teenager, could pick 350 pounds a day.





The Original
Carter Family, with
the Singing Brake-
man, Jimmie
Rodgers, on a re-
cording session in
Louisville. Left to
right: Rodgers,
Mother Maybelle,
A. P. Carter, Sara
Carter.

The tradition of the Original Carter Family, who began singing in 1927, continues with Mother Maybelle, here backing daughter June on the autoharp with a "Carter lick."

June's sister, Helen, joins in. With Anita, the three make up the present Carter Family.













Cash's 300-foot-long house in Hendersonville, Tennessee, is built into a cliff and overlooks Old Hickory Lake. A new wing has recently been added to accom-

modate a study for Johnny and a room for his son, John Carter Cash.

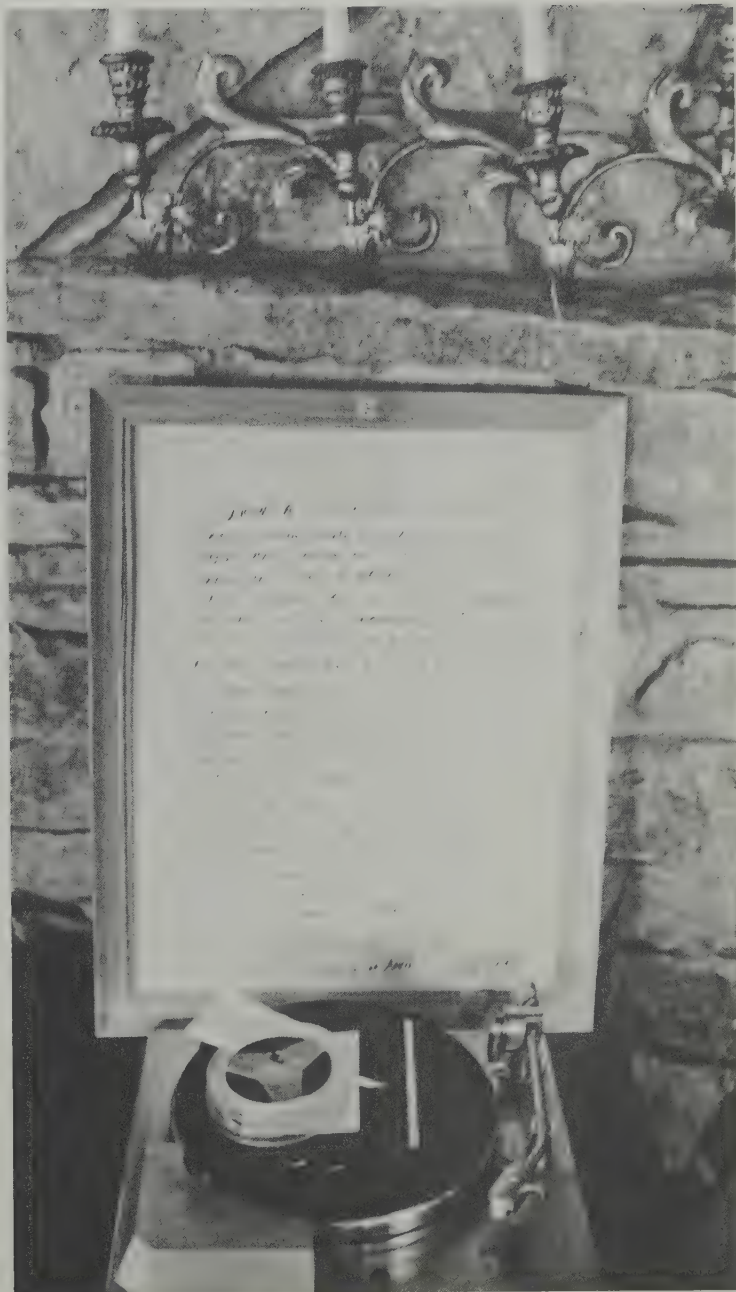








June and Johnny Cash entertain composer Shel Silverstein (with guitar), who wrote "A Boy Named Sue," in the oval living room of their home. On the right, one of John's poems is framed on the wall.











"A song is an inside thing with me," says Cash, who considers "I Walk the Line" one of his best. He writes more than half the songs he records.

Cash, who cherishes his four daughters (Rosanne, Kathy, Cindy, and Tara) by a previous marriage, who live in California, here lets Rosanna, one

of June's daughters, eavesdrop. She and her sister Carlene live with Johnny and June.



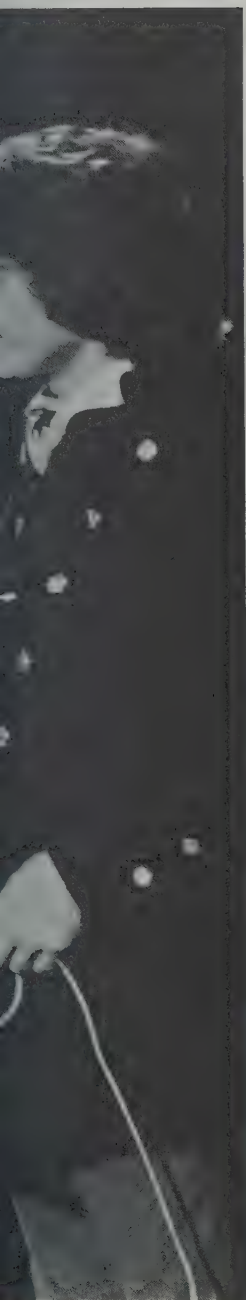
Cash and his mother-in-law, Maybelle Carter, are not only good music companions but can spend hours fishing together on Old Hickory Lake.







John with the
Everly Brothers



Johnny Cash's ABC-TV show is among the top rated in the country. It is televised from Nashville's Grand Ole Opry, a hall that echoes with the memory of great country performers.



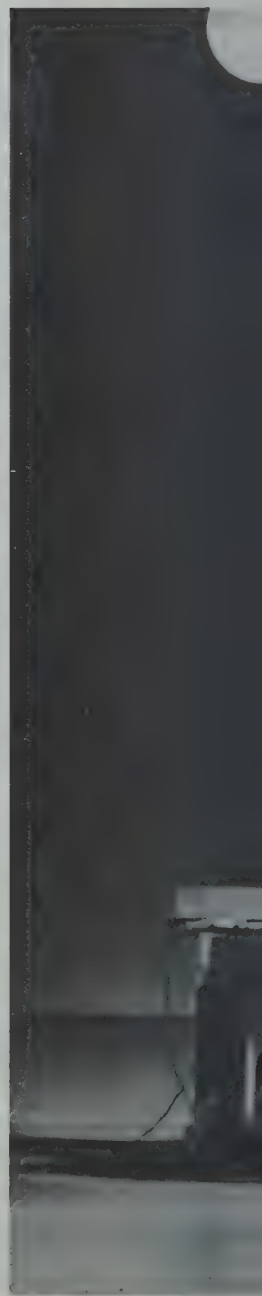








Above: Bob Dylan
stands with Co-
lumbia Records
producer, Bob
Johnston, at
Nashville's Grand
Ole Opry.





Cash sings for Arkansas inmates at Cummins Prison, where he later donated a chapel for the prisoners.



MELODY LANE MUSIC
MAIN
STERLING, COLO. 80751
Hammond Organ Studios



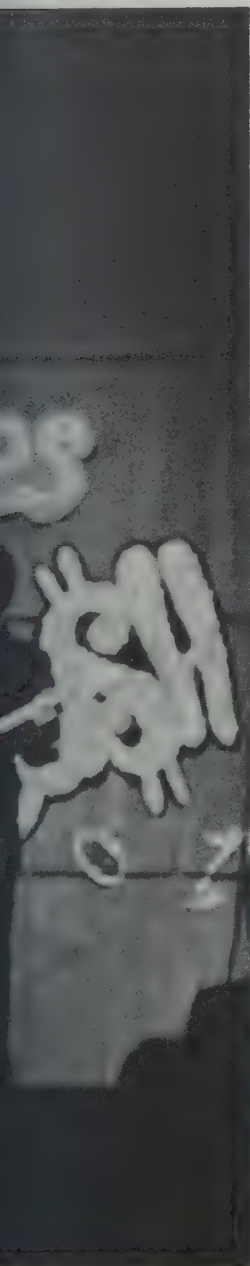
"Prisoners are the greatest audience that an entertainer can perform for. We bring them a ray of sunshine in their dungeon, and they're not ashamed to respond."







"I don't see anything good come out of a prison. You put them in like animals and tear the souls and guts out of them, and let them out worse than they went in."







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WHAT IS TRUTH?

Moderately

Johnny Cash

C7 F C7 F Bb

The first system of musical notation for 'What Is Truth?' by Johnny Cash. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The system contains four measures of music. Above the staff, the chords C7, F, C7, F, and Bb are indicated. The melody in the treble clef starts with a whole note chord, followed by eighth notes, and then a quarter note. The bass line consists of a whole note chord followed by eighth notes.

G7 C7 F

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. Above the staff, the chords G7, C7, and F are indicated. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes. The bass line continues with eighth notes.

F F7 Bb

(Spoken:) 1. The old man turns off the radio
Says: "Where did all the old songs go?"

The third system of musical notation, which includes the first line of lyrics. Above the staff, the chords F, F7, and Bb are indicated. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes. The bass line continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are: "(Spoken:) 1. The old man turns off the radio Says: 'Where did all the old songs go?'".

Bb G7 C7

Kids sure play funny music these days!

The fourth system of musical notation, which includes the second line of lyrics. Above the staff, the chords Bb, G7, and C7 are indicated. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes. The bass line continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Kids sure play funny music these days!".

C7 C7(5b) F F7

New fan-gled songs! "Ev-'ry-thing seems so loud and wild! It was peaceful
New fan-gled ways!"

The fifth system of musical notation, which includes the third line of lyrics. Above the staff, the chords C7, C7(5b), F, and F7 are indicated. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes. The bass line continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are: "New fan-gled songs! 'Ev-'ry-thing seems so loud and wild! It was peaceful New fan-gled ways!'".

back when I was a child!" Well, Man, could it be that the girls and

the boys are trying to be heard above your noise! (Sung:) And the

lone-ly voice of youth cries: "What is truth?" last time

mol to rall.

2. A little boy of three sittin' on the floor
 Looks up and says: "Daddy, what is war?"
 "Son, that's when people fight and die!"
 The little boy of three says: "Daddy, why?"
 A young man seventeen in school
 Being taught the golden rule
 By the time another year's gone around
 He may have to lay his own life down.
 (sung) Can you blame the voice of youth
 for asking: "What is truth?"

3. A young man sittin' on the witness stand
 The man with the book says: "Raise your hand!"
 "Repeat after me, I solemnly swear!"
 The Judge looks down at his long hair.
 And although the young man solemnly swore
 Nobody wanted to hear any more
 And it really didn't matter if the truth was there
 It was the cut of his clothes and the length
 of his hair!
 (sung) And the lonely voice of youth cries:
 "What is truth?"

SEE RUBY FALL

Johnny Cash and Roy Orbison

Moderately slow

1. Well,

I knew some-day Ru - by would be leav - in';
go down - town at nine o - clock this eve - nin';

That she was - n't hap - py liv - in' qui - et -
Walk un - der that red light, then down the

ly, qui - et - ly; 'Cause she would get that
hall, down the hall; Look for the high - est

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F7 Bb 1. G7

bed - room look each morn-in';
fly - in' girl; that's Ru - by;

And I felt Ru-by

G7 C7 Bb Eb7 C7 2.

pull a - way from me. 2. So, And if you

C7 F C F7

wait your turn, you'll see Ru - by fall.

Bb F

Don't let her know that you e - ven know me;
I didn't hold her back when she got rest - less;

F

She'll be try-in' to for-get it all;
One man is not e-nough when she wants it all;

C7

F6

C7

F

F7

And don't I tell me how it was to-night, to-she
let her go when I saw what she

Bb

C7

mor-row; want-ed; 'Cause I don't want to see Ru-by
'Cause I don't care to see Ru-by

1.

F

C7

F7

fall.

2.

F

Bb

F

fall.

fall.

SOUTHWIND

Fast

Johnny Cash

1. South - wind,

you picked her up in Jack - son - ville and left me cold and

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F C

lone - some in the rain.

C F

South - wind,

F

you took her off to Nash-ville, left me

F C

chok - in' in the smoke be - hind the train.

C G

And you go: Woo - oo - oo

She's gone a - gain on the

South - wind.

Repeat and fade

2. Southwind, I need a forty-dollar ticket
and about this time tomorrow I'll be gone.
Southwind, but if I had forty dollars
I would buy myself a smile to carry on.
And you go woo-oo-oo.
She's gone again on the Southwind.

3. Southwind, take her fast and take her far
cause that's the way she always like to go.
Southwind, I will be waitin' for the
roundtrip ticket
if you'll bring her back and I done told her so.
Don't you go woo-oo-oo.
She's gone again on the Southwind.

SAN QUENTIN

Moderately

Johnny Cash

C G7 C

1. San

C G7 C

Quen-tin, you've been liv - in' hell to me.
Quen-tin, I hate ev - 'ry inch of you.

C F

You've host - ed me since Nine - teen Six - ty -
You've cut me and have scarred me thru an'

C F

three.
thru.

I've seen 'em come and
And I'll walk out a

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F C G7 C

go, and I've seen them die; And long a - go I
 wis - er, weak - er man. Mis - ter Con - gress - man, why

G7 C

1. 2. 3. 4.

stopped ask - in' why. 2. San San
 can't you un - der - stand.

C

Quen-tin, you've been liv - in' hell to me.

3. *San Quentin, what good do you think you do?
 Do you think I'll be diff'rent when
 you're through?
 You bent my heart and mind and you may
 my soul,
 And your stone walls turn my blood a little cold.*

4. *San Quentin, may you rot and burn in hell.
 May your walls fall and may I live to tell.
 May all the world forget you ever stood.
 And may all the world regret you did no good.*

BEAUTIFUL WORDS

♩ Slowly

Johnny Cash

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, marked 'Slowly'. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'Beau - ti - ful words, Beau - ti - ful words,'. The second system continues with the lyrics: 'He spoke beau - ti - ful words. The'. The third system continues with the lyrics: 'wind lay still, and the whole world lis - tened As'. The fourth system concludes with the lyrics: 'He spoke Beau - ti - ful words.' The score uses a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with harmonic support in the bass clef. Phrasing slurs are used to group notes across measures. The piece ends with a final chord in the treble clef and a whole note in the bass clef.

Beau - ti - ful words, Beau - ti - ful words,

He spoke beau - ti - ful words. The

wind lay still, and the whole world lis - tened As

He spoke Beau - ti - ful words.

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THIS SIDE OF THE LAW

Moderately

Johnny Cash

G C7 F E

On

F E F F7

this side of the law, On that side of the law,

B \flat F B \flat F B \flat F B \flat F

Who is right? Who is wrong? Who is weak? Who is strong?

B \flat F Gm C7 F B \flat F N.C.

Who is for and who's a - gainst the law?

1. You see I
2. Well, I

FINE

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F E F B \flat F C7

did - n't real - ly mean an - y harm, But I
 did - n't mean to let my fam - 'ly down, And I'm

F Fdim F Fdim F Ddim Gm C7 B \flat C7

sim - ply could-n't make it on the farm. When the
 not giv - ing you the run - a - round.

F Fdim F F7 B \flat F Fm

land won't give a lot you got - ta do with what you got. And
 I'd much rather be dead than have to beg my dai - ly bread. And to

G Am Gdim G7 C C7 F C7

all I got's the mus - cle in my arm; bum! bum! I
 pay my way no mat - ter where I'm bound; bum! Well, I

F E F Bb F C7

would-n't ev - er hurt my fel - low man. And it
 did - n't real - ly think that I did wrong. So

F Fdim F Fdim F Ddim Gm C7 Bb C7

seems to me that you could un - der stand. I'm just
 long as I stayed here where I be - long. I did the

F F7 Bb F Fm

try-in' to help my - self with-out hurt - in' some-bod-y else. And a
 on - ly thing I could, same as an - y - bod-y would. And

G7 C7 F Fdim

man has got to do the best he can. On
 I was sim - ply try-ing to get a - long.

*Repeat twice
 3rd time to Fine.*

COME TO THE WAILING WALL

Moderately

Johnny Cash

D **Freely** **N.C.** **D**

1. Oh, my Lord, what a morn - in',
2. Shout it 'cross a moun - tain.
3. Bring the lost ones home - ward.

f *R.H.*

N.C. **D** **N.C.**

Oh, my Lord, what a day. The sound of bat - tle's -
Shout it 'cross the sea. We have been de -
Lead them to this shore. The cit - y gates are -

D **N.C.** *a tempo*

o - ver, And the smoke has blown a - way.
liv - ered, Is - ra - el is free,
o - pen, Heav - en's bless - ings pour.

D **G** **D** **D** **G**

Come to the Wail - ing Wall; Come to the Wail - ing Wall.

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D

Thank God, you can stand up-on this Ho-ly

D G D A7

D

Land, And touch the hal-lowed rock That God de-liv-ered to our Land.

Dm E7

A

D G D

1. 2. D G

Come to the Wail-ing Wall; Come to the Wail-ing Wall..

D

3. D G D

Come to the Wail-ing Wall.

D G D D G D

Come to the Wail-ing Wall; Come to the Wail-ing Wall.

Repeat and fade

ROUTE #1, BOX 144

Moderately

Johnny Cash

1. His

dy - ing bare - ly made the morn - ing pa - per;
nev - er did great things to be re - mem - bered;

And they summed it up in twen - ty words or
He had nev - er been a - way from home be -

more: _____ (Spoken:) But "Killed in action.
fore; _____ thought he

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Leaves wife and ba - by, at
was president or some - thin',

Route one, Box one for - ty - four."

(To recitation)

2. He four.

(Play as many times as needed for Recitation.)

Recitation:

He grew up on a little farm
Just a couple of miles out of town.
As a boy he worked in his daddy's field.
And when his daddy could spare him
He hired out to the neighbors
For whatever they could pay him.
He was thought of as just average,
A good boy, nothing more, the average amount of friends.
He married his high school sweetheart.
They bought a little plot of ground.
A couple of miles out of town on a mailbox
It said: Route 1, Box 144.
Well, back in town, there were very few people

That really knew him because
He hardly ever came to town
Except for maybe on Saturdays and, of course,
The usual crew was always there.
But he didn't spend a lot of time with the usual crew.
He took care of his business, bought what he had to have
Or could afford for his family
And went back to his little farm.
With a baby on the way he went to the army.
And it was just a short while that the news came
That he was killed in action.
His body was sent back on a plane, and then by train
And then they brought the body from the train station
To Route 1, Box 144.

STARKVILLE CITY JAIL

Bounce tempo

Johnny Cash

1. Well, I left my motel room, down at the Stark-ville Motel; The town had gone to sleep and I was said: feel-in' fair-ly well. I I do?" He said: "Shut up and sit down." Well, they strolled a - long the side - walk 'neath the sweet mag - nol - ia emp - tied out my pock - ets, took my pills and gui - tar

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E♭ F7 B♭ F7 B♭ F7

trees; I was whis - tlin', pick - in' flow - ers, sway - in'
picks. I said: "Wait, my name is.." "Aw, shut up." Well,

B♭ F7 B♭ F C7

in the south - ern breeze. I found my - self sur -
I sure was in a fix. The ser - geant put me

F C7 F C7 F

round - ed; one po - lice - man said: "That's him.
in a cell, then he went home for the night; I said:

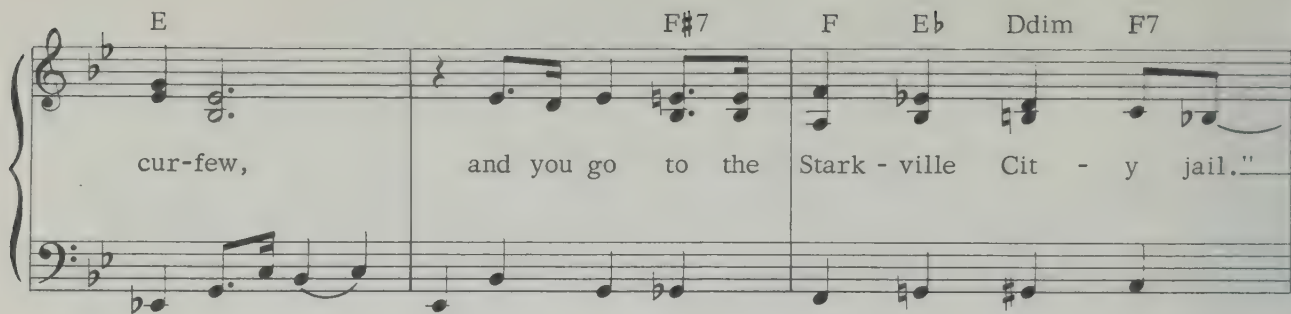
E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7

Come a - long, wild - flow - er child. — Don't you know that it's two a.
"Come back here, you so and so; — I ain't be - in' treat-ed

E E7 F E7

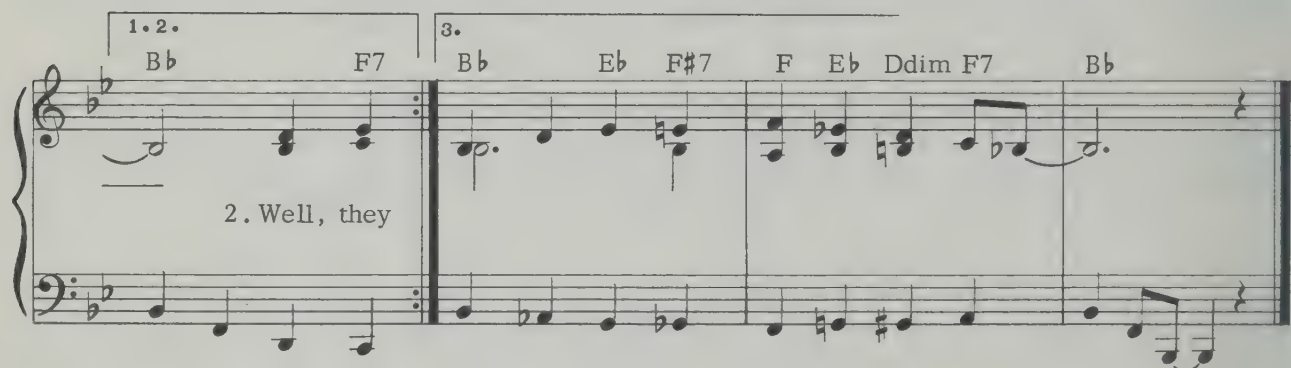
m." They're bound to get you, }
right." Well, they're bound to get you, } 'Cause they got a

E F#7 F Eb Ddim F7



cur-few, and you go to the Stark - ville Cit - y jail."

1. 2. Bb F7 3. Bb Eb F#7 F Eb Ddim F7 Bb



2. Well, they

3. I started pacin' back and forth, and now and
 then I'd yell,
 And kick my forty-dollar shoes against the
 steel floor of my cell.
 I'd walk awhile and kick awhile, and all night
 nobody came.
 Then I sadly remembered that they didn't
 even take my name.
 At 8 A.M. they let me out. I said,
 "Gimme them things of mine!"
 They gave me a sneer and a guitar pick, and a
 yellow dandelion.
 They're bound to get you, 'cause they
 got a curfew,
 And you go to the Starkville City Jail.

'CAUSE I LOVE YOU

Moderately fast

Johnny Cash

A7 D

(He): 1. I'll sweep out your chim-ney, yes, and I will bring you
2. I'll be there be - side you, if you need a cry - ing

D

flow - ers, yes, and I will do for you most an - y -
shoul - der; Yes, and I'll be there to lis - ten when you

A7

thing you want me to; (She): If we live in a
need to talk to me; When you wake up in the

A7

cot - tage, you will feel like it's a cas - tle by the
dark - ness, I will put my arms a - round you, and

A7

roy - al way you're treat - ed and the at -
hold you till the morn - ing sun comes

D

ten - tion shown to you.
shin - in' through the trees.

Chorus:

D

(Both):

3. I'll be right be - side you, no mat - ter where you

D

trav - el, I'll be there to cheer you till the

D A7

sun comes shin - in' through; If we're ev - er

A7

part - ed, I will keep the tie that binds us; And I'll

A7 D FINE %

nev - er let it break, 'cause I love you.

Chorus:

*I will bring you honey from the bee tree in
the meadow;
And the first time there's a rainbow, I'll bring you
a pot of gold.
I'll take all your troubles, and I'll throw them
in the river;
Then I'll bundle down beside you, and I'll keep
you from the cold.
(Repeat first chorus:)*

JESUS WAS A CARPENTER

Moderately

Christopher S. Wren

Chord progression: D Bm Em E7 A7

Chord progression: D F#7 Bm G Em7

1. Je - sus was a car - pen - ter, and He worked with a saw and a
found them as they wan - dered through the wild Ju - de - an

Chord progression: A7 D Bm F#m

ham - mer; And His hands could form a ta - ble true e -
moun - tains; And He found them as they pulled their nets

Chord progression: G Em7 A7 D D7

nough to stand for - ev - er. And He might have spun His
upon the Sea of Galli - lee; And for a thou - sand

Chord progression: G A7 D Em7 A7

life out in the cool - ness of the morn - ings; But He
eve - nings, while the day be - hind Him emp - tied, He

D G B7 Em F#m

put a - side His tools, And He walked the burn - ing
walked a - mong the poor, And He stopped to touch the

Bm A9 G D A7 D Bm Em B7 Em E7

high - ways to build a house for folks like you and
dy - ing, and He built His house for peo - ple just like

1. 2. 3. 4. A7 5. A7 rall.

me. these. 2. And He

A7 D A7 D

3. It was on a shining Sunday when He rode
to old Jerusalem;
And the palms they cast before Him were the
crimes they laid against Him.
It was on a storming Friday when he climbed
the streets to Calvary;
And where he died today, why, they're sellin'
beads and postcards;
And they tell us, too, that that was long ago.

4. But, would He stand today upon the sands
of California;
Or walk the sweating blacktop in New York
and Mississippi,
Where the mighty churches rise above the

screaming cities,
Would He be a guest on Sunday, a vagrant
on a Monday,
With the doors locked tight against His kind,
you know?

5. Come again, now Jesus, be a carpenter among us;
There are chapels in our discontent, cathedrals
in our sorrows;
And we dwell in golden mansions, with the sand
for our foundations,
And the raging water's rising, and the thunder's
all around us.
Won't you come and build a house on rock again?
(Repeat first verse, fade out.)

LAND OF ISRAEL

Moderately

Johnny Cash

Chords: F, C, G7, C

1. From the

Chords: C, G7, C, F

top of Si - nai
roll - ing plain of

Shar-on

To the Sea of Gal - i - lee,
To Mount Ta - bor's loft-y heights;

Ev-'ry
To the

Chords: C, D7, G7

hill and plain is
des - ert of Beer -

home, — Ev-'ry
she - ba, All is

place is dear to
calm, all is

me. There the
right. Green the

Chords: C, G7, C, C7, F

breez-es tell the
moun-tain, Sweet the

sto-ries, — Oh, what
Moun-tain Sweet the

sto-ries they do
wa-ter in the

tell, Of the
well, May there

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C G7 C

might- y things that hap-pened in the Land of Is - ra - el. } Here, when
nev - er more be sor - row in the Land of Is - ra - el. }

F G7 C F

Mo - ses and the Proph-ets spoke of One who would be King; Of a Heav-en - ly Mes-

G7 C G7 C G7 C C7

si-ah, and the bless-ings He will bring. Oh, to hear a - gain the call, All is

F C

peace-ful, all is well, Up-on ev-'ry rock and moun-tain In the

G7 1. C 2. C

Land of Is - ra - el. 2. From the el. *rall.*

HE TURNED THE WATER INTO WINE

Moderately

Johnny Cash

D

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in D major, while the left hand plays a simple eighth-note bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'.

D G D

He turned the wa - ter in - to wine;
He fed the hun - gry mul - ti - tude; (Didn't my Lord, now...)

The first line of the song features a vocal melody with a bridge. The piano accompaniment includes chords D, G, and D. The lyrics are: 'He turned the wa - ter in - to wine; He fed the hun - gry mul - ti - tude; (Didn't my Lord, now...)'

D G D

He turned the wa - ter in - to wine. In the
He fed the hun - gry mul - ti - tude. With a

The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'He turned the wa - ter in - to wine. In the He fed the hun - gry mul - ti - tude. With a'

D D7 G7 D

lit - tle Ca - naan town, The word went all a - round that
lit - tle bit of fish and bread, They said ev - 'ry - one was fed.

The third line concludes the song. The piano accompaniment includes chords D, D7, G7, and D. The lyrics are: 'lit - tle Ca - naan town, The word went all a - round that lit - tle bit of fish and bread, They said ev - 'ry - one was fed.'

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D G D Last time to F

He turned the wa - ter in - to wine.
He fed the hun - gry mul - ti - tude.

F C F Bb F C

Well, He walked up - on the Sea of Gal - i - lee; He
Healed the lep - er and the lame;

F Bb F

walked up - on the Sea of Gal - i - lee. He shout - ed far and
He healed the lep - er and the lame. He said, "Go and tell no

F Bb7 F

wide, man," He But calmed the rag - ing tide, And walked up - on the
He healed the. The piano accompaniment includes chords and moving lines.

Bb F D D

Sea of Gal - i - lee.
lep - er and the lame.

rall.

YOU ARE WHAT I NEED

Moderately

Johnny Cash

G G⁺ G⁶ G⁷ D G D

1. Be -

D D⁷ G D G G^m

side a sing-in' moun-tain stream where the pus-sy wil-low
leaned a-gainst the bark of birch and I breathed the hon-ey

D D⁷ G G⁷ D

grew, dew, Where Saw a sil-ver leaf of ma-ple spar-kled
dew, Saw a north-bound flock of geese a-gainst the

E⁷ A A⁷ D D⁷

in the morn-ing dew. I braid-ed twigs of
sky of ba-by blue. A-mong the lil-y

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wil - low; Made a string of buck - eye
 pads I carved a whis - tle from a
 beads; But flesh and blood needs
 reed, While hon - ey - suc - kle

flesh and blood, and you are what I need. While flesh and blood needs
 wine is sweet, but you are what I need, While hon - ey - suc - kle

flesh and blood, and you are what I need. 2. I need. *rit.*

3. A mockingbird sang just for me and I thanked
 him for the song,
 then darkness floated up the hill and I had
 to move along.
 Those are a few little things on which the mind
 and spirit feed
 but flesh and bloods needs flesh and blood and
 you are what I need.

THE TIMBER MAN

Moderately

Johnny Cash

G D Em7 A7 D G D

1. Well, my

D A7 D7 G D G6 A7 Bm

world is green and dark and damp; My home is in the log-ging camp;
say there's saw-dust in my brain "And don't get caught out in the rain!" I

D A7 D7 G D

All week I cut the mighty tree; Sat - ur - day I do as I
got stump wa - ter in my blood, The sweat from the brow turns the

G6 A7 D E7 A D6 A D A

damnwell please! ——— Give the man more than his hire; And
ground to mud! ——— When the men don't know how to fell a tree, The

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G Gm A7 D E7 A D6

he'll nev - er know it if I tire; Show me the tough - est
one they'll come and ask is me. I'll mark my spot and I'll

A D A G Gm A7 D G6 D7

tree a-round; And the Tim-ber Man will bring it down.
take my stand And the trees gonna fall for the Tim-ber Man.

G D G6 A7 D D7

Swing it hard! Cut it clean! No half way or in be-tween!

G D A7 D G6

Move when the ax is in my hand! Make way for the Tim - ber Man.

D Gm A7 D Bb D

(2. They) Make way for the Tim-ber Man.

rall.

THIS TOWN

Moderately

Johnny Cash

Chords: C, Am, F, G7

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand plays chords in the treble clef, and the left hand plays a rhythmic pattern in the bass clef. The chords are C, Am, F, and G7.

Chords: C, Am, Em

1. This town is not for me,
2. This town wants me to go,

The first line of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The chords are C, Am, and Em.

Chords: F, G7, Dm7, G7

I won't be stay-in' 'round.
It ain't where I was bound.

The second line of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The chords are F, G7, Dm7, and G7.

Chords: C, E7, Am, C7

This town is hard and cold;
This town don't need me here, I'm And

The third line of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The chords are C, E7, Am, and C7.

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F G7 C F C G

not hap - py in _____ this _____ town. _____
 I don't need _____ this _____ town. _____ To -

Am Em C G C G

I'll pick up my heart and I'll go, _____
 mor - row who'll re - mem - ber my name; _____ To

Am Em Am6 G7

Where to I don't care or know. _____
 mor - row who'll re - mem - ber I came. _____

C Am C7 F

Don't mat - ter where I'll be found, _____ As long as I
 Don't care which road I'll go down, _____ As long as it's a -

G7 C F 1. C 2. C

leave _____ this _____ town. _____
 way _____ from this _____ town. _____

THE BALLAD OF IRA HAYES

Freely

Peter La Farge

Musical score for the first section of the song. It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "I - ra Hayes. I - ra Hayes. Call him". Chords G and C are indicated above the melody.

Chorus

Moderato

Musical score for the Chorus section. It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "drunk-en I - ra Hayes, He won't an-swer an - y more; Not the whis-key drink-in' In-dian, Not the ma - rine that went to war." Chords G, D7, F#, C, Am, and G are indicated above the melody.

Verse 1-5

Musical score for the Verse 1-5 section. It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "Recitation". Chords G and C are indicated above the melody.

Musical score for the Last time to Coda section. It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "Last time to Coda". Chords D7 and G are indicated above the melody. The section ends with a double bar line and a Coda symbol.

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5 times
last time to Coda

Coda

6. Yea call him drunken I - ra Hayes, but his land is just as dry, and the ghost

is lying thirsty in the ditch where Ira died.

is lying thirsty in the ditch where Ira died.

Verses 1-5 (Recitation)

1. Gather 'round me, people; there's a story
I would tell,

About a brave young Indian you should
remember well;

From the land of the Pima Indians, a proud
and noble band;

Who farmed the Phoenix Valley in
Arizona Land. (D.S. ♪ Chorus.)

2. Down their ditches for a thousand years the
waters grew Ira's people's crops.

Till the white man stole their water rights and
their sparklin' water stopped.

Now Ira's folks grew hungry and their land grew
crops and weeds.

When war came Ira volunteered and forgot the
white man's greed. (D.S. ♪ Chorus.)

3. Well, they battled up Iwo Jima Hill—
two hundred and fifty men,

But only twenty-seven lived—to walk back

down again;

When the fight was over—and Old Glory raised,
Among the men who held it high was the
Indian—Ira Hayes (D.S. ♪ Chorus.)

4. Ira Hayes returned a hero—celebrated thru
the land,

He was winned and speeched and honored—
everybody shook his hand;

But he was just a Pima Indian—no water,
no home, no chance;

At home nobody cared what Ira done—and when
do the Indians dance? (D.S. ♪ Chorus.)

5. Then Ira started drinkin' hard—jail was often
his home;

They let him raise the flag and lower it—as you
would throw a dog a bone;

He died drunk early one morning—alone in the
land he'd fought to save;

Two inches of water in a lonely ditch—was the
grave for Ira Hayes. (D.S. ♪, then to Coda ♪.)

HANK AND JOE AND ME

Moderately

Johnny Cash

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords (G, Em, G, Em) with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand plays a simple bass line with eighth notes.

The vocal entry begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first line of the melody is marked with a G chord. The second line is marked with a D chord. The third line is marked with a G chord. The lyrics are: 1. In the des-ert where we searched for gold, the days are hot, the 2. don't re-mem-ber how long I lay, but when I awoke it was the

The melody continues with a D7 chord, then a G chord, and finally a C chord. The lyrics are: nights are cold. Hank and Joe and me walked on, So break of day. Buz-zards cir - cled miles a - head, I knew

The melody concludes with a D7 chord, then a G chord. The lyrics are: bold and brave and free. For days and days we Hank and Joe were dead. My eyes were dimmed, but

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D G D7

fought the heat. I got so thirs-ty and I got so weak.
 I could see a bed of gold nug-gets un - der me.

G C D7

And when I fell 'cause I could-n't go, I heard Hank say to
 Now I know that it won't be long till they dec - o - rate my

G D7

Joe, bones. "He's dy - in' for
 'Cause I'm dy - in' for

G D7

wa - ter. Hear him cry - in'
 wa - ter. Can't help cry - in'

D7 G

for wa - ter. Well,
 for wa - ter. Well, they

G Em G

lay him down in the } dust and sand. He said, "Joe, you know he's a
laid me down in the }

Em G Em

dy - in' man. Leave him there and let him die.

G D 1. G

I can't stand to hear him cry for wa - ter." 2. I

2. G rit.

wa - ter." He could - n't stand to

D D7 G

hear me cry for wa - ter. rall.

March Tempo

APACHE TEARS

Johnny Cash

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time, marked 'March Tempo'. The introduction consists of a series of chords and eighth-note patterns in both hands. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'Hoof prints and footprints deep ruts the wag - ons made, the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line. The third system continues the vocal melody with 'vic - tor and the los - er came by here.' The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note melody in the right hand. The fourth system concludes the phrase with 'No head stones, but these bones'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands. Chord symbols (C, G, G7) are placed above the piano staves to indicate the harmonic structure.

C

C

C

F

Hoof prints and footprints deep ruts the wag - ons made, the

R.H.

C

G7

C

vic - tor and the los - er came by here.

G7

C

G7

No head stones, but these bones

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C 3 F C

bring mes - ca - le - ro death moans . See the smooth black

F G7 C

nug - gets by the thou - sands__ ly - ing here,

C F G7

Pet - ri - fied__ but jus - ti - fied__ are these A-pach-e

C

tears.____

C G7 C

Dead grass, dry roots, hun - ger cry - ing
The young men, the old men, the guil - ty and the

F C G7

in the night, — ghost of bro - ken hearts and laws are
in - no - cent, — bled red blood and chilled a - like with

C G7 C

here. And who saw the
tears. The red man, the

G7 C 3

young squaw, they judged by their whis - key law, —
white man, no fight ev - er took this land, —

C G7 C

tor - tured — till she died of pain and tear.
so don't — raise the dust when you pass here.

C F

Where the sol-diers lay her back are the
They're sleeping and in my keep - ing are

G7 C

black these A - pach - e tears.
A - pach - e tears.

C

Repeat and fade

THE BALLAD OF BOOT HILL

(Ad lib)

Carl Perkins

Here lies, less more, four slugs from a for - ty - four; No

less, no more. Out in Ar - i -

Waltz Tempo

1. zo - na, just south of Tuc -
2. time now since the town was a

son, boom. Where tum - ble - weeds
The jail - house is

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Dm

tum - ble in search of a
emp - ty; so's the Pal - ace sa -

C7

home. There's a town they call
loon, Just one look will

C7 C7(4sus)

Tomb - stone, where the brave nev - er
tell you, that this town was

F

cry. They
real. A se-

F Dm 1. 2. 3. C7

live by a six gun, by a
clud - ed old dirt road, leads

C7 F N.C.

six gun they die.
up to Boot Hill.

2. It's

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first measure has a C7 chord and the lyrics 'six gun they'. The second measure has an F chord and the lyrics 'die.'. The third measure has an N.C. (No Chord) and the lyrics 'up to Boot Hill.'. The fourth measure has an N.C. and the lyrics '2. It's'. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef.

4. C7 N.C.

been a long

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The first measure has a C7 chord and the lyrics 'been a long'. The second measure has an N.C. and the lyrics 'been a long'. The third measure has an N.C. and the lyrics 'been a long'. The fourth measure has an N.C. and the lyrics 'been a long'. The system ends with a double bar line.

F

Detailed description: This is the third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and bass line from the second system. The first measure has an F chord and the lyrics '3. Walk up to the fence there and look at the view,'. The second measure has an F chord and the lyrics 'That's where they were hanging 1882.' The third measure has an F chord and the lyrics 'It's easy to see where the brave men have died,'. The fourth measure has an F chord and the lyrics 'Rope marks on the old tree are now petrified.' The system ends with a double bar line.

3. Walk up to the fence there and look at the view,
That's where they were hanging 1882.
It's easy to see where the brave men have died,
Rope marks on the old tree are now petrified.

4. At night when the moon shines so far away,
It gets mighty lonesome looking down on
the grave.
There lies Billie Clanton never wanted to kill,
But he's there with the guilty way up on
Boot Hill.

Note: In 1881, Billie Clanton—along with Tom McLowery and Frank McLowery—was shot down on the streets of Tombstone by Wyatt Earp and his deputies. Just before his death, Clanton called to Doc Holliday, "Don't shoot me. I don't want to fight."

DON'T TAKE YOUR GUNS TO TOWN

Moderately

Johnny Cash

Chords: C G C G

1. A

Chords: G D7 G D7

young cow - boy named Bil - ly Joe grew rest - less on the
laughed and kissed his Mom and said: "Your Bil - ly Joe's a

Chords: G G D7 G D7

farm. A boy filled with wan-der - lust, who real - ly meant no
man. I can shoot as quick and straight as an - y - bod - y

Chords: G7 C G7 C

harm. He changed his clothes and shined his boots and combed his dark hair
can. But I would - n't shoot with out a cause; I'd gun no - bod - y

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down, down." And his mother cried as he walked out: } "Don't take your guns to
But she cried a - gain as he rode a - way: }

town, son; Leave your guns at home, Bill; Don't take your guns to

town." 2. He town.

1. 2. 3. 4. G a tempo

3. He sang a song as on he rode, his guns hung
at his hips.
He rode into a cattle town, a smile upon his lips.
He stopped and walked into a bar and laid
his money down,
But his mother's words echoed again:
"Don't take your guns to town, son;
Leave your guns at home, Bill; don't take your
guns to town."

4. He drank his first strong liquor then to calm his
shaking hand,
And tried to tell himself at last he had
become a man.
A dusty cowpoke at his side began to laugh
him down.

And he heard again his mother's words:
"Don't take your guns to town, son;
Leave your guns at home, Bill; don't take your
guns to town."

5. Bill was raged and Billy Joe reached for his
gun to draw.
But the stranger drew his gun and fired before
he even saw.
As Billy Joe fell to the floor the crowd all
gathered 'round
And wondered at his final words:
"Don't take your guns to town, son;
Leave your guns at home, Bill; don't take your
guns to town."

COME IN, STRANGER

Moderately

Johnny Cash

C F6 G7 C G7

She said:

C F6 G7 C C7

"Come in, stran-ger, it's good to have you home. I

F C Dm G7 C

hur-ried thru 'cause I knew it was you when I saw your dog wag-gin' his tail.

F C D7 G7

Hon-ey, why didn't you let me know by mail?— You've been gone so long."— She said:

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C F6 G7

"Come in, stran-ger, I know you're wea-ry from all the
 "Come in, stran-ger, Oh, how I need you when you're

C C7 F C

miles. Just sit right there in your eas - y chair and
 gone. I walk the floor and I watch the door and when I

F6 G7 C

tell me all a - bout the plac - es you've been, how
 lie a - wake and wonder where you can be, I'd

F C

long it'll be be - fore you leave a - gain. I
 give an - y - thing to have you here with me. I get so

D7 G7 C

hope it's a long, long while." She said: "Come in,
 lone - some all a - lone." She said: "Come in,

C G7 C C7

stran - ger, ev - 'ry - thing 'round home is fine. I've
 stran - ger, and won't you lis - ten to my plea. Stay

F C

watched and I've wait - ed for you to get back — I
 long e - nough so that the one I love — is not

G7 C G7 C

1. missed you all the } time." She said: time."
 stran - ger all the }

2. time."

I'D STILL BE THERE

Moderately

Johnny Cash and Johnny Horton

G C

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in G major, starting with a G4, A4, B4 triad, followed by a descending line of chords: F#4-A4, E4-G4, D4-F#4, C4-E4, and B3-D4. The left hand plays a simple bass line: G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F#32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F#33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F#34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F#35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F#36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F#37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F#38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F#39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F#40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F#41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F#42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F#43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F#44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F#45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F#46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F#47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F#48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F#49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F#50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F#51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F#52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F#53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F#54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F#55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F#56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F#57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F#58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, E59, F#59, G59, A59, B59, C60, D60, E60, F#60, G60, A60, B60, C61, D61, E61, F#61, G61, A61, B61, C62, D62, E62, F#62, G62, A62, B62, C63, D63, E63, F#63, G63, A63, B63, C64, D64, E64, F#64, G64, A64, B64, C65, D65, E65, F#65, G65, A65, B65, C66, D66, E66, F#66, G66, A66, B66, C67, D67, E67, F#67, G67, A67, B67, C68, D68, E68, F#68, G68, A68, B68, C69, D69, E69, F#69, G69, A69, B69, C70, D70, E70, F#70, G70, A70, B70, C71, D71, E71, F#71, G71, A71, B71, C72, D72, E72, F#72, G72, A72, B72, C73, D73, E73, F#73, G73, A73, B73, C74, D74, E74, F#74, G74, A74, B74, C75, D75, E75, F#75, G75, A75, B75, C76, D76, E76, F#76, G76, A76, B76, C77, D77, E77, F#77, G77, A77, B77, C78, D78, E78, F#78, G78, A78, B78, C79, D79, E79, F#79, G79, A79, B79, C80, D80, E80, F#80, G80, A80, B80, C81, D81, E81, F#81, G81, A81, B81, C82, D82, E82, F#82, G82, A82, B82, C83, D83, E83, F#83, G83, A83, B83, C84, D84, E84, F#84, G84, A84, B84, C85, D85, E85, F#85, G85, A85, B85, C86, D86, E86, F#86, G86, A86, B86, C87, D87, E87, F#87, G87, A87, B87, C88, D88, E88, F#88, G88, A88, B88, C89, D89, E89, F#89, G89, A89, B89, C90, D90, E90, F#90, G90, A90, B90, C91, D91, E91, F#91, G91, A91, B91, C92, D92, E92, F#92, G92, A92, B92, C93, D93, E93, F#93, G93, A93, B93, C94, D94, E94, F#94, G94, A94, B94, C95, D95, E95, F#95, G95, A95, B95, C96, D96, E96, F#96, G96, A96, B96, C97, D97, E97, F#97, G97, A97, B97, C98, D98, E98, F#98, G98, A98, B98, C99, D99, E99, F#99, G99, A99, B99, C100, D100, E100, F#100, G100, A100, B100, C101, D101, E101, F#101, G101, A101, B101, C102, D102, E102, F#102, G102, A102, B102, C103, D103, E103, F#103, G103, A103, B103, C104, D104, E104, F#104, G104, A104, B104, C105, D105, E105, F#105, G105, A105, B105, C106, D106, E106, F#106, G106, A106, B106, C107, D107, E107, F#107, G107, A107, B107, C108, D108, E108, F#108, G108, A108, B108, C109, D109, E109, F#109, G109, A109, B109, C110, D110, E110, F#110, G110, A110, B110, C111, D111, E111, F#111, G111, A111, B111, C112, D112, E112, F#112, G112, A112, B112, C113, D113, E113, F#113, G113, A113, B113, C114, D114, E114, F#114, G114, A114, B114, C115, D115, E115, F#115, G115, A115, B115, C116, D116, E116, F#116, G116, A116, B116, C117, D117, E117, F#117, G117, A117, B117, C118, D118, E118, F#118, G118, A118, B118, C119, D119, E119, F#119, G119, A119, B119, C120, D120, E120, F#120, G120, A120, B120, C121, D121, E121, F#121, G121, A121, B121, C122, D122, E122, F#122, G122, A122, B122, C123, D123, E123, F#123, G123, A123, B123, C124, D124, E124, F#124, G124, A124, B124, C125, D125, E125, F#125, G125, A125, B125, C126, D126, E126, F#126, G126, A126, B126, C127, D127, E127, F#127, G127, A127, B127, C128, D128, E128, F#128, G128, A128, B128, C129, D129, E129, F#129, G129, A129, B129, C130, D130, E130, F#130, G130, A130, B130, C131, D131, E131, F#131, G131, A131, B131, C132, D132, E132, F#132, G132, A132, B132, C133, D133, E133, F#133, G133, A133, B133, C134, D134, E134, F#134, G134, A134, B134, C135, D135, E135, F#135, G135, A135, B135, C136, D136, E136, F#136, G136, A136, B136, C137, D137, E137, F#137, G137, A137, B137, C138, D138, E138, F#138, G138, A138, B138, C139, D139, E139, F#139, G139, A139, B139, C140, D140, E140, F#140, G140, A140, B140, C141, D141, E141, F#141, G141, A141, B141, C142, D142, E142, F#142, G142, A142, B142, C143, D143, E143, F#143, G143, A143, B143, C144, D144, E144, F#144, G144, A144, B144, C145, D145, E145, F#145, G145, A145, B145, C146, D146, E146, F#146, G146, A146, B146, C147, D147, E147, F#147, G147, A147, B147, C148, D148, E148, F#148, G148, A148, B148, C149, D149, E149, F#149, G149, A149, B149, C150, D150, E150, F#150, G150, A150, B150, C151, D151, E151, F#151, G151, A151, B151, C152, D152, E152, F#152, G152, A152, B152, C153, D153, E153, F#153, G153, A153, B153, C154, D154, E154, F#154, G154, A154, B154, C155, D155, E155, F#155, G155, A155, B155, C156, D156, E156, F#156, G156, A156, B156, C157, D157, E157, F#157, G157, A157, B157, C158, D158, E158, F#158, G158, A158, B158, C159, D159, E159, F#159, G159, A159, B159, C160, D160, E160, F#160, G160, A160, B160, C161, D161, E161, F#161, G161, A161, B161, C162, D162, E162, F#162, G162, A162, B162, C163, D163, E163, F#163, G163, A163, B163, C164, D164, E164, F#164, G164, A164, B164, C165, D165, E165, F#165, G165, A165, B165, C166, D166, E166, F#166, G166, A166, B166, C167, D167, E167, F#167, G167, A167, B167, C168, D168, E168, F#168, G168, A168, B168, C169, D169, E169, F#169, G169, A169, B169, C170, D170, E170, F#170, G170, A170, B170, C171, D171, E171, F#171, G171, A171, B171, C172, D172, E172, F#172, G172, A172, B172, C173, D173, E173, F#173, G173, A173, B173, C174, D174, E174, F#174, G174, A174, B174, C175, D175, E175, F#175, G175, A175, B175, C176, D176, E176, F#176, G176, A176, B176, C177, D177, E177, F#177, G177, A177, B177, C178, D178, E178, F#178, G178, A178, B178, C179, D179, E179, F#179, G179, A179, B179, C180, D180, E180, F#180, G180, A180, B180, C181, D181, E181, F#181, G181, A181, B181, C182, D182, E182, F#182, G182, A182, B182, C183, D183, E183, F#183, G183, A183, B183, C184, D184, E184, F#184, G184, A184, B184, C185, D185, E185, F#185, G185, A185, B185, C186, D186, E186, F#186, G186, A186, B186, C187, D187, E187, F#187, G187, A187, B187, C188, D188, E188, F#188, G188, A188, B188, C189, D189, E189, F#189, G189, A189, B189, C190, D190, E190, F#190, G190, A190, B190, C191, D191, E191, F#191, G191, A191, B191, C192, D192, E192, F#192, G192, A192, B192, C193, D193, E193, F#193, G193, A193, B193, C194, D194, E194, F#194, G194, A194, B194, C195, D195, E195, F#195, G195, A195, B195, C196, D196, E196, F#196, G196, A196, B196, C197, D197, E197, F#197, G197, A197, B197, C198, D198, E198, F#198, G198, A198, B198, C199, D199, E199, F#199, G199, A199, B199, C200, D200, E200, F#200, G200, A200, B200, C201, D201, E201, F#201, G201, A201, B201, C202, D202, E202, F#202, G202, A202, B202, C203, D203, E203, F#203, G203, A203, B203, C204, D204, E204, F#204, G204, A204, B204, C205, D205, E205, F#205, G205, A205, B205, C206, D206, E206, F#206, G206, A206, B206, C207, D207, E207, F#207, G207, A207, B207, C208, D208, E208, F#208, G208, A208, B208, C209, D209, E209, F#209, G209, A209, B209, C210, D210, E210, F#210, G210, A210, B210, C211, D211, E211, F#211, G211, A211, B211, C212, D212, E212, F#212, G212, A212, B212, C213, D213, E213, F#213, G213, A213, B213, C214, D214, E214, F#214, G214, A214, B214, C215, D215, E215, F#215, G215, A215, B215, C216, D216, E216, F#216, G216, A216, B216, C217, D217, E217, F#217, G217, A217, B217, C218, D218, E218, F#218, G218, A218, B218, C219, D219, E219, F#219, G219, A219, B219, C220, D220, E220, F#220, G220, A220, B220, C221, D221, E221, F#221, G221, A221, B221, C222, D222, E222, F#222, G222, A222, B222, C223, D223, E223, F#223, G223, A223, B223, C224, D224, E224, F#224, G224, A224, B224, C225, D225, E225, F#225, G225, A225, B225, C226, D226, E226, F#226, G226, A226, B226, C227, D227, E227, F#227, G227, A227, B227, C228, D228, E228, F#228, G228, A228, B228, C229, D229, E229, F#229, G229, A229, B229, C230, D230, E230, F#230, G230, A230, B230, C231, D231, E231, F#231, G231, A231, B231, C232, D232, E232, F#232, G232, A232, B232, C233, D233, E233, F#233, G233, A233, B233, C234, D234, E234, F#234, G234, A234, B234, C235, D235, E235, F#235, G235, A235, B235, C236, D236, E236, F#236, G236, A236, B236, C237, D237, E237, F#237, G237, A237, B237, C238, D238, E238, F#238, G238, A238, B238, C239, D239, E239, F#239, G239, A239, B239, C240, D240, E240, F#240, G240, A240, B240, C241, D241, E241, F#241, G241, A241, B241, C242, D242, E242, F#242, G242, A242, B242, C243, D243, E243, F#243, G243, A243, B243, C244, D244, E244, F#244, G244, A244, B244, C245, D245, E245, F#245, G245, A245, B245, C246, D246, E246, F#246, G246, A246, B246, C247, D247, E247, F#247, G247, A247, B247, C248, D248, E248, F#248, G248, A248, B248, C249, D249, E249, F#249, G249, A249, B249, C250, D250, E250, F#250, G250, A250, B250, C251, D251, E251, F#251, G251, A251, B251, C252, D252, E252, F#252, G252, A252, B252, C253, D253, E253, F#253, G253, A253, B253, C254, D254, E254, F#254, G254, A254, B254, C255, D255, E255, F#255, G255, A255, B255, C256, D256, E256, F#256, G256, A256, B256, C257, D257, E257, F#257, G257, A257, B257, C258, D258, E258, F#258, G258, A258, B258, C259, D259, E259, F#259, G259, A259, B259, C260, D260, E260, F#260, G260, A260, B260, C261, D261, E261, F#261, G261, A261, B261, C262, D262, E262, F#262, G262, A262, B262, C263, D263, E263, F#263, G263, A263, B263, C264, D264, E264, F#264, G264, A264, B264, C265, D265, E265, F#265, G265, A265, B265, C266, D266, E266, F#266, G266, A266, B266, C267, D267, E267, F#267, G267, A267, B267, C268, D268, E268, F#268, G268, A268, B268, C269, D269, E269, F#269, G269, A269, B269, C270, D270, E270, F#270, G270, A270, B270, C271, D271, E271, F#271, G271, A271, B271, C272, D272, E272, F#272, G272, A272, B272, C273, D273, E273, F#273, G273, A273, B273, C274, D274, E274, F#274, G274, A274, B274, C275, D275, E275, F#275, G275, A275, B275, C276, D276, E276, F#276, G276, A276, B276, C277, D277, E277, F#277, G277, A277, B277, C278, D278, E278, F#278, G278, A278, B278, C279, D279, E279, F#279, G279, A279, B279, C280, D280, E280, F#280, G280, A280, B280, C281, D281, E281, F#281, G281, A281, B281, C282, D282, E282, F#282, G282, A282, B282, C283, D283, E283, F#283, G283, A283, B283, C284, D284, E284, F#284, G284, A284, B284, C285, D285, E285, F#285, G285, A285, B285, C286, D286, E286, F#286, G286, A286, B286, C287, D287, E287, F#287, G287, A287, B287, C288, D288, E288, F#288, G288, A288, B288, C289, D289, E289, F#289, G289, A289, B289, C290, D290, E290, F#290, G290, A290, B290, C291, D291, E291, F#291, G291, A291, B291, C292, D292, E292, F#292, G292, A292, B292, C293, D293, E293, F#293, G293, A293, B293, C294, D294, E294, F#294, G294, A294, B294, C295, D295, E295, F#295, G295, A295, B295, C296, D296, E296, F#296, G296, A296, B296, C297, D297, E297, F#297, G297, A297, B297, C298, D298, E298, F#298, G298, A298, B298, C299, D299, E299, F#299, G299, A299, B299, C300, D300, E300, F#300, G300, A300, B300, C301, D301, E301, F#301, G301, A301, B301, C302, D302, E302, F#302, G302, A302, B302, C303, D303, E303, F#303, G303, A303, B303, C304, D304, E304, F#304, G304, A304, B304, C305, D305, E305, F#305, G305, A305, B305, C306, D306, E306, F#306, G306, A306, B306, C307, D307, E307, F#307, G307, A307, B307, C308, D308, E308, F#308, G308, A308, B308, C309, D309, E309, F#309, G309, A309, B309, C310, D310, E310, F#310, G310, A310, B310, C311, D311, E311, F#311, G311, A311, B311, C312, D312, E312, F#312, G312, A312, B312, C313, D313, E313, F#313, G313, A313, B313, C314, D314, E314, F#314, G314, A314, B314, C315, D315, E315, F#315, G315, A315, B315, C316, D316, E316, F#316, G316, A316, B316, C317, D317, E317, F#317, G317, A317, B317, C318, D318, E318, F#318, G318, A318, B318, C319, D319, E319, F#319, G319, A319, B319, C320, D320, E320, F#320, G320, A320, B320, C321, D321, E321, F#321, G321, A321, B321, C322, D322, E322, F#322, G322, A322, B322, C323, D323, E323, F#323, G323, A323, B323, C324, D324, E324, F#324, G324, A324, B324, C325, D325, E325, F#325, G325, A325, B325, C326, D326, E326, F#326, G326, A326, B326, C327, D327, E327, F#327, G327, A327, B327, C328, D328, E328, F#328, G328, A328, B328, C329, D329, E329, F#329, G329, A329, B329, C330, D330, E330, F#330, G330, A330, B330, C331, D331, E331, F#331, G331, A331, B331, C332, D332, E332, F#332, G332, A332, B332, C333, D333, E333, F#333, G333, A333, B333, C334, D334, E334, F#334, G334, A334, B334, C335, D335, E335, F#335, G335, A335, B335, C336, D336, E336, F#336, G336, A336, B336, C337, D337, E337, F#337, G337, A337, B337, C338, D338, E338, F#338, G338, A338, B338, C339, D339, E339, F#339, G339, A339, B339, C340, D340, E340, F#340, G340, A340, B340, C341, D341, E341, F#341, G341, A341, B341, C342, D342, E342, F#342, G342, A342, B342, C343, D343, E343, F#343, G343, A343, B343, C344, D344, E344, F#344, G344, A344, B344, C345, D345, E345, F#345, G345, A345, B345, C346, D346, E346, F#346, G346, A346, B346, C347, D347, E347, F#347, G347, A347, B347, C348, D348, E348, F#348, G348, A348, B348, C349, D349, E349, F#349, G349, A349, B349, C350, D350, E350, F#350, G350, A350, B350, C351, D351, E351, F#351, G351, A351, B351, C352, D352, E352, F#352, G352, A352, B352, C353, D353, E353, F#353, G353, A353, B353, C354, D354, E354, F#354, G354, A354, B354, C355, D355, E355, F#355, G355, A355, B355, C356, D356, E356, F#356, G356, A356, B356, C357, D357, E357, F#357, G357, A357, B357, C358, D358, E358, F#358, G358, A358, B358, C359, D359, E359, F#359, G359, A359, B35

C C7 F

once was bright is emp - ty and bare; And if
 bod - y share; the things we used to share; If I

G G7 N.C.

you would-n't be a - shamed of me, }
 on - ly knew you loved me too. }

I'd still be there. I'd be with

G7 C

you, _____ where I be - long, _____

C7 F

And noth - ing they could do or say could

D7 G7 C

make me think it's wrong. If all the love that

C C7 F

made you mine, could make you still care,

F C G7

I'd be by your side, I'd still be

1. C 2. C F C

there. there.

I STILL MISS SOMEONE

Tenderly

Johnny Cash and Roy Cash Jr.

Chorus

F G7 C

1. At my

Chorus

door the leaves are fall - ing. The

musical score for the song "The Wind". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in G major, 4/4 time, and consists of two staves. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "cold wild wind will come." The score is divided into four measures. The first measure is marked with a chord of F (F major), the second with G7 (G dominant seventh), and the third with C (C major). The fourth measure is unmarked. The piano part is written in a simple, accessible style, suitable for a young child to play. The lyrics are written below the piano part, aligned with the notes. The title "The Wind" is written in a decorative, cursive font at the top of the page.

C F G7 F

Sweet - hearts walk by to - geth - er, And I still

musical score for "To Interlude N.C." featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is written in treble clef, and the bass line is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into two systems. The first system has a key signature change from one flat to no flats (C major) indicated by a double bar line and a key signature change symbol. The second system is marked "2." and "To Interlude N.C." The lyrics are: "miss some - one. At my Though I". The score includes a key signature change from one flat to no flats (C major) and a key signature change from no flats to one flat (B-flat) at the end.

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3. *Fine* | *Interlude*

F G7 C

nev - er got o - ver those blue eyes;

C F G7 C C7

I see them ev - 'ry - where. I

F G7 C

miss those arms that held me when

F G7 C G7 %

all the love was there. 2. I

2. I go out on a party
And look for a little fun.
But I find a darkened corner
'Cause I still miss someone.

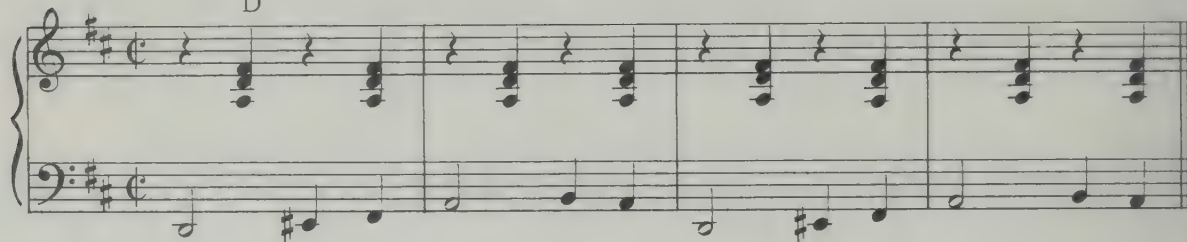
3. I wonder if she's sorry
For leaving what we'd begun.
There's someone for me somewhere,
And I still miss someone.

JACKSON

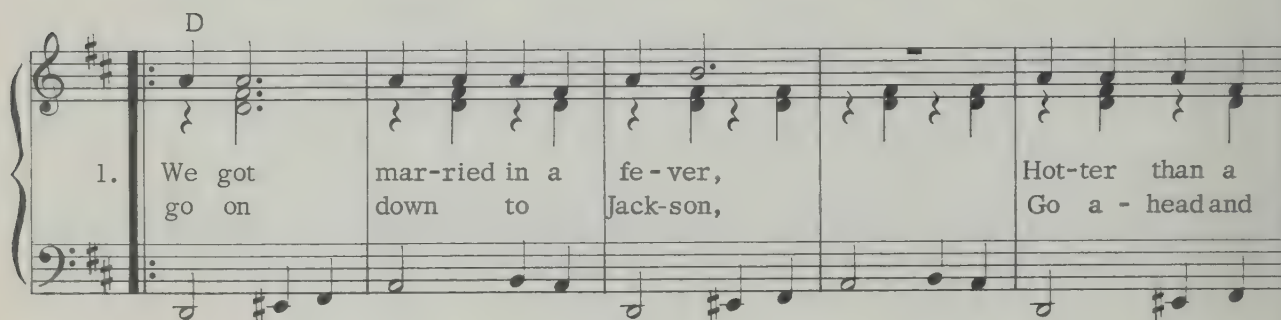
Fast 2

Billy Edd Wheeler and Gaby Rogers

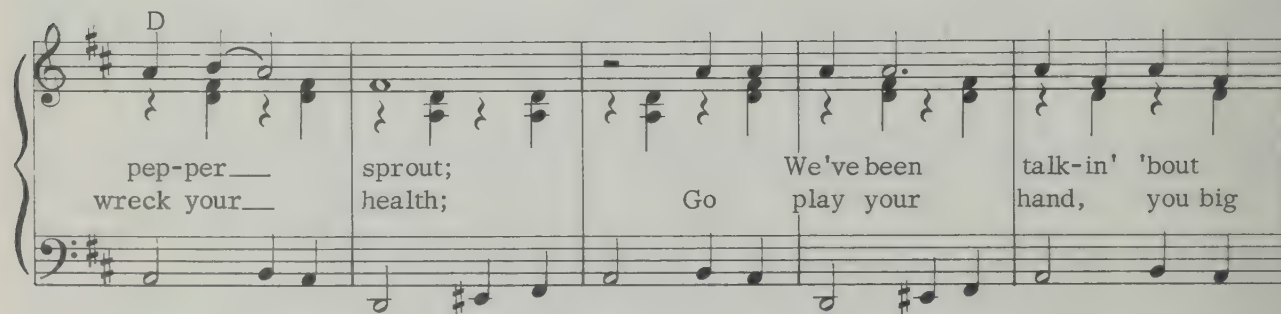
D



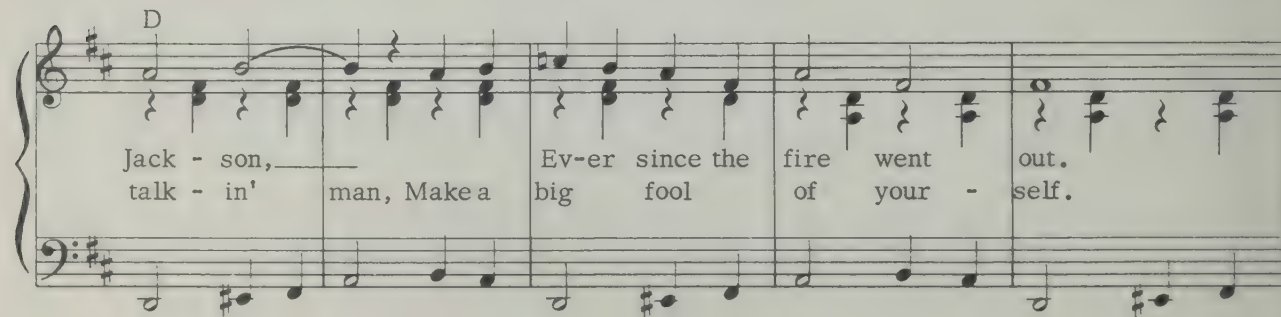
D



D



D



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D7 G D G

I'm go-in' to Jack-son,
Go on to Jack-son,
I'm go-in' to Go mess a-comb your

D D7 G G#dim

round;
hair;
Yeah, I'm go-in' to Jack-son.
Go and snow-ball Jack-son,

A7 1. 2. 3. 4. D 5. D

I'm go-in' to Jack-son town.
See if I care.
2. Well, back.

Repeat and fade

3. When I breeze into that city,
I'll bet people gonna stop and bow.
All them women gonna make me
Teach 'em they don't know how.
I'm goin' to Jackson,
Turn-a loose of my coat.
Yeab, I'm goin' to Jackson,
"Goodbye," that's all she wrote.

4. When they laugh at you in Jackson,
Dancin' on the pony keg;
Then I'll lead you 'round town like a
scalded hound,
With your tail tucked between your legs.

So go on down to Jackson,
You big talkin' man;
I'll be waitin' in Jackson,
Behind my Japan fan.

5. We got married in a fever,
Hotter than a pepper sprout.
We've been talkin' 'bout Jackson,
Ever since the fire went out.
I'm goin' to Jackson,
And that's a fact.
Yeab, I'm goin' to Jackson,
Ain't never comin' back.

GIVE MY LOVE TO ROSE

Moderately

Johnny Cash

Chords: F, Bdim, C7, F

1. I

Chords: F, C7, F

found him by the rail - road track this morn - in',
tell them I said thanks for wait - ing for me.

Chords: F, C7, F, F7

I could see that he was near - ly dead.
Tell my boy to help his mom at home.

Chords: Bb, Fdim, F, Am6

I knelt down be - side him and I lis - tened
Tell my Rose to try to find an - oth - er. Just to 'Cause

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G7

Bbm6 Dm6 C7

hear the words the
it ain't right that

dy - in' fel - low
she should live a -

said.
lone.

He said, "They

F

C7

F

let me out of
Mis - ter, here's the

pris - on out in
bag with all my

'Fris - co,
mon - ey,

For

F

C7

F

F7

ten long years I paid for what I'd
It won't last them long the way it

done.
goes.

I was

Bb

Fdim F

Dm6

try - in' to get
God bless you for

back to Lou - i - si -
find - in' me this

an - a
morn-in'.

To
Now

C7

F

Bb

F

see my Rose and
don't for - get to

get to know my
give my love to

son.
Rose.

B \flat

Give my love to Rose, please, won't you, Mis - ter?

C7 F C7 F7

Take her all my mon - ey; tell her: buy some pret - ty clothes.

B \flat F

Tell my boy that dad - dy's so proud of him, And

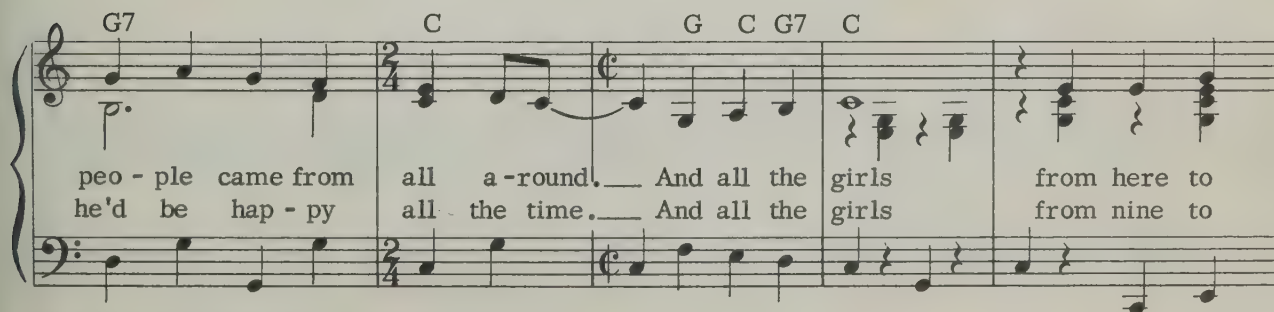
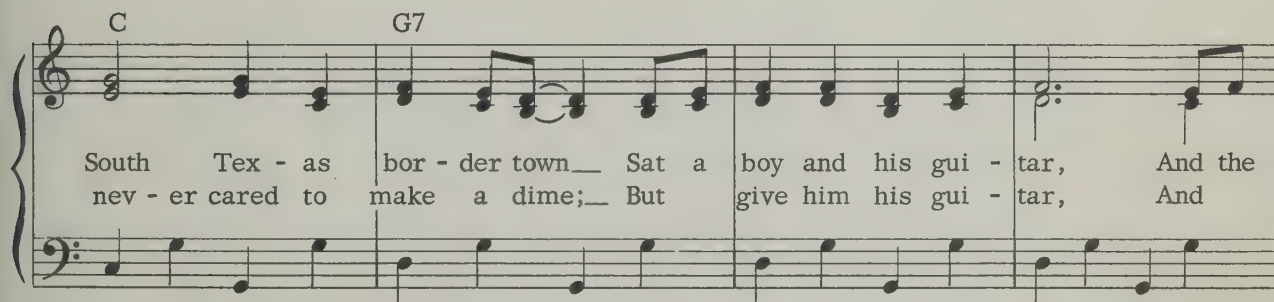
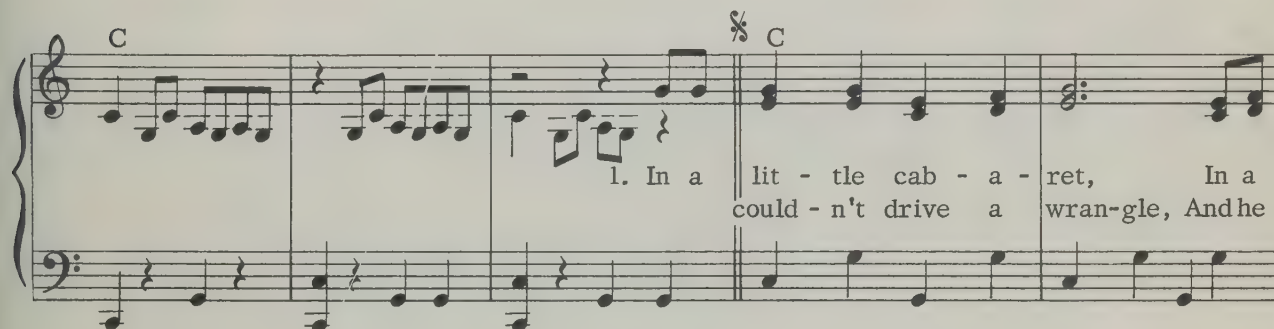
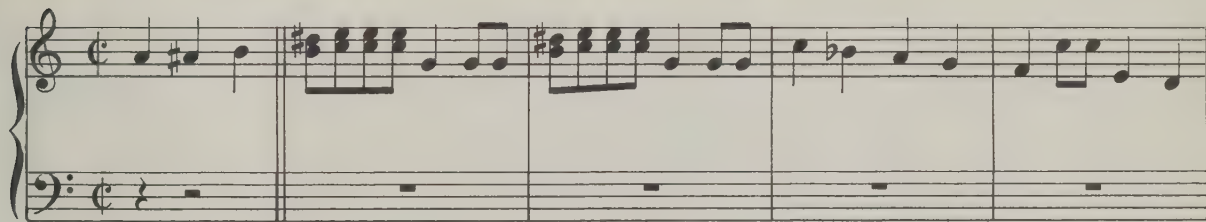
C7 F B \flat F 1. F 2. F

don't for - get to give my love to Rose." 1. Won't - cha 2. Won't - cha

TENNESSEE FLAT TOP BOX

Moderately fast

Johnny Cash



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G7

Aus - tin, _____ We're slip - pin' 'way from home and put - tin'
 nine - ty, _____ Were snap - pin' fin - gers, tap - pin' toes and

G7

C G C G7 C

jew - el - ry in hock; To take the trip, to go and
 beg - gin' him don't stop; they were hyp - no-tized, and fas - ci -

G7

lis - ten _____ To the lit - tle dark - haired boy that played the
 na - ted _____ By the lit - tle dark - haired boy that played the

G7

C C7 F

Ten - nes - see flat - top box. And he would play:

1. F

2. F G7 C

1. 2. D.S.

3. Fine

2. Well, he

Repeat and fade

3. Then one day he was gone
 And no one ever saw him 'round;
 He vanished like the breeze
 And they forgot him in the little town.
 And all the girls still dreamed about him,
 And they hung around the cabaret until the
 doors were locked;
 And then one day, on the hit parade
 Was a little dark haired boy that played a
 Tennessee flat top box, And he would play:

I GOT STRIPES

*New words and music by Johnny Cash and Charlie Williams.
Based on a song collected, adapted and arranged by John
A. and Alan Lomax*

Moderately

Chords: F Fdim C7 F E

1. On a

Verse

Chords: F F#dim C7

Mon-day I was ar - rest-ed. On a
Mon-day got my striped britch-es, On a

Chords: C7 F E

Tues-day they locked me in jail. On a
Tues-day I got my ball and chain. On a

Chords: F F#dim C7

Wednes-day my trial was at - test-ed. On a
Wednes-day I'm work-in' dig - gin' ditch-es. On a

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C7 F Chorus:

Thurs-day they said "guilt-y" and the judge's gav - el fell. } I got
Thurs-day, Lord, I begged them not to knock me down a - gain. }

F F#dim C7

stripes, stripes a-round my shoul - ders. I got chains,

C7 F Db7 C7 F

chains a-round my feet. I got stripes,

F#dim C7

stripes a-round my shoul - ders, And them chains, them

C7 1. 2. F N.C. 3. F

chains, they're 'bout to drag me down. 2. On a down.

3. On a Monday my mama come to see me.
On a Tuesday they caught me with a file.
On a Wednesday I'm down in solitary.
On a Thursday, Lord, I start on bread and
water for a while. (To Chorus.)

FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

Moderately

Johnny Cash

G

1. I

G

Hear the train a - com - in'; it's roll - in' 'round the
I was just a ba - by my Ma - ma told me,

G Gdim G

bend, And I ain't seen the sun-shine since I don't know
"Son, al - ways be a good boy; don't ev - er play with

G7 C7

when, I'm stuck at Fol - som pris-on and time keeps
guns." But I shot a man in Re - no just to

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The musical score is written for piano and voice in G major (one sharp). It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a C7 chord in the first measure and a G chord in the second. The second system has a D7 chord in the first measure and a G chord in the fifth. The third system has a G chord in the first measure and a G6 chord in the fourth. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line in the right hand and a more active eighth-note bass line in the left hand. The vocal part consists of two lines of lyrics per measure.

drag - gin' on. But that
watch him die. When I

train keeps roll-in' on down to San An - tone.
hear that whis-tle blow-in' I hang my head and cry.

1. 2. 3. 4.
G G6
2. When

3. I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy
dining car.
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin'
big cigars,
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,
But those people keep a-movin', and that's
what tortures me.

4. Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that
railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move on over a little farther down
the line,
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want
to stay,
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my
blues away.

I WALK THE LINE

Moderately bright

Johnny Cash

C7 F N.C.

1. I keep a

C7 F

close very, watch very on this heart of mine.
eas - y to be true.

B♭ Db7 C7 F

I keep my eyes wide o - pen all the time.
I find my - self alone when each day is through.

F7 B♭ F

I keep the ends out for the tie that binds.
Yes, I'll ad - mit that I'm a fool for you.

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3. *As sure as night is dark and day is light,
 I keep you on my mind both day and night.
 And happiness I've known proves that it's right.
 Because you're mine I walk the line.*

4. *You've got a way to keep me on your side.
 You give me cause for love that I can't hide.*

*For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide.
 Because you're mine I walk the line.*

5. *I keep a close watch on this heart of mine,
 I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
 I keep the ends out for the tie that binds.
 Because you're mine I walk the line.*

SHANTYTOWN

Moderately

Johnny Cash and June Carter

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Chords: G, G7, C, Cm.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Chords: D7, G, C, C#dim³, G.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Chords: G, D7. Lyrics: I live down in Shan - ty - town, — where chick-en's twen - ty

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Chords: G, D7. Lyrics: cents a pound. — And if you live on — such sol - id ground, —

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what-cha do - in' down in Shan - ty - town, —

what-cha do - in' down in Shan - ty-town? —

Well, I'm back on your side of the tracks,
Be - hind the walls of your shack-led heart beats cure,

Have you come back for me to take you back;
While the rich have the love to en - dure;

Well, Back to your high so - ci - e - ty, — to your
is the gold in your crown turn - ing

Chords: C, G7, C

cock - tails — and your teas. Is there I'll look up, but
black, some - thing here in

Chords: G, D, D+, D7

don't look down, 'cause we got pride in Shan - ty - town. —
Shan - ty - town that keeps you com - in'

First ending: 1. 2/4

back.

Second ending: 2. 3. *al*

What - cha do - in' down in Shan - ty - town.

Chords: D7, D9, G

Tempo: *rall.*

ANOTHER SONG TO SING

Moderately

Johnny Cash

1. Do they ask you where I am or where I've been,
 2. Do you tell them I was wild - er than the wind,

Do they ev - er say "Where is the lone - ly
 Do you re - mem - ber that I need - ed lots of

friend"
 friends,

Is
 And at

my name whis - pered
 oth - er times I'd

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G G+ C C7

in your bed - side prayers Do you
 rath - er be a lone, Where

F G G+ C

feel a va - cant spot be-side you there?
 I could not be found when I was gone?

C F G7

Well, there's al - ways one more path that I must
 Well, there's al - ways one more can - yon to ex -

C C+ F

walk, And there's peo - ple I should
 plore, To touch the things left

G C C7

sit down with and talk; And some -
by those gone be - fore; At the

F G Gm G+ C G

bod - y might ap - pre - ci - ate the flow - ers I could
top of the ti-ni-est hill I can feel like I'm a

C C7 F F#7 G G7

bring, so } there's al - ways an - oth - er song to
king, and }

1. 2.

C F C N.C. C F Fm C

sing. sing.

PICKIN' TIME

Moderately

Johnny Cash

Chords: C7, F

Chords: F, C7

1. I got cot-ton in the bot-tom land, — It's up and growin' and I
 2. Ev-'ry night when I go to bed, — I thank the Lord that my

Chords: F, C7

got a good stand, — My good wife and them kids of mine, —
 kids are fed. — They live on beans eight days in nine, —

Chords: Gm, C7, F

Gon-na get new shoes — come pick-in' time, —
 But I get 'em fat — come pick-in' time, —

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		To repeat	Last time
Get new shoes_ come	pick-in' time.		
Get 'em fat_ come	pick-in' time.		

3. *The corn is yellow and the beans are high.
The sun is hot in the summer sky.
The work is hard till layin' by,
Layin' by till pickin' time,
Layin' by till pickin' time.*

4. *It's hard to see by the coal oil light,
And I turn it off pretty early at night.
'Cause a jug of coal oil costs a dime,
But I stay up late come pickin' time,
Stay up late come pickin' time.*

5. *My old wagon barely gets me to town.
I patched the wheels and I watered 'em down.
Keep her in shape so she'll be fine
To haul my cotton come pickin' time,
Haul my cotton come pickin' time.*

6. *Last Sunday morning when they passed the hat,
It was still nearly empty back where I sat.
But the preacher smiled and said, "That's fine;
The Lord'll wait till pickin' time,
The Lord'll wait till pickin' time."*

HEY, PORTER

Moderately fast

Johnny Cash

G

1. Hey,

G

Por - ter, Hey, Por - ter! Would you tell me the
 Por - ter, Hey, Por - ter! What time, did you

G

time?
 say?
 How much long-er will it be 'til we cross that
 How much long-er will it be 'til I can

A7 D7 G G

Ma - son Dix - on Line? At day - light will you tell that en - gi -
 see the light of day? When we hit Dixie will you tell that en - gi -

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neer to slow it down; or bet - ter still, just
neer to ring his bell; And ask ev-'ry - bod - y that

stop the train 'cause I want to look a - round. 1. 2. 3. 4.
ain't a sleep to stand right up and yell. 2. Hey,

5. Hey, Porter! Hey, Porter! It's getting light outside.

Repeat and fade

3. Hey, Porter! Hey, Porter! It's getting light outside.
This old train is puffing smoke and I have to strain my eyes.
But ask that engineer if he will blow his whistle please,
'Cause I smell frost on cotton leaves, and I smell that Southern breeze.

4. Hey, Porter! Hey, Porter! Please get my boys for me
I need nobody to tell me now that we're in Tennessee.

Go tell that engineer to make that lonesome whistle scream.
We're not so far from home so take it easy on the steam.

5. Hey, Porter! Hey, Porter! Please open up my door.
When they stop this train I'm gonna get off first 'cause I can't wait no more.
Tell that engineer I say, "Thanks a lot.
I didn't mind the fare.
I'm gonna set my feet on Southern soil and breathe that Southern air."

AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW

Quickly, but expressively

Peter La Farge

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The piano accompaniment is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first system shows the piano introduction with chords G, D7, G, and D7. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics '(Voices) As long as the moon shall'. The third system continues the vocal melody with 'as the moon shall rise,'. The fourth system concludes the vocal melody with 'As long as the rivers'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady bass line throughout.

G D7 G D7

(Voices) As long as the moon shall

as the moon shall rise, As

G As long D7 as the rivers

long as the riv-ers

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G as the riv - ers flow, G7

flow, As

C long as the sun will D7

G shine, As

C long as the grass shall grow. G

G To repeat To finish

As

(Spoken)

*The Senecas are an Indian tribe,
of the Iroquois nation,
Down on the New York-Pennsylvania line,
You'll find their reservation,
After the U.S. revolution,
Cornplanter was a chief,
He told the tribe these men they could trust
That was his true belief,
He went down to Independence Hall,
And there was a treaty signed,
That promised peace with the U.S.A.
And Indian rights combined,
George Washington gave his signature,
The Government gave its hand,
They said that now and forever more,
This was Indian land.*

(To Chorus) *As long as the moon shall rise, etc.*

(Spoken)

*On the Seneca reservation,
There is much sadness now,
Washington's treaty has been broken,
And there is no hope, no how,
Across the Allegheny River,
They're throwing up a dam,
It will flood the Indian country,
A proud day for Uncle Sam,
It has broke the ancient treaty
With a politician's grin,
It will down the Indians' graveyards,
Cornplanter can you swim?
The Earth is Mother to the Senecas,
They're trampling sacred ground,
Change the mint green earth to black mud flats,
As honor hobbles down . . .*

(To Chorus)

(Spoken)

*The Iroquois Indians used to rule,
From Canada way south,
But no one fears the Indians now,
And smiles the liar's mouth,
The Senecas hired an expert,
To figure another site,
But the great good army engineers,
Said that he had no right,
Although he showed them another plan,
And showed them another way,
They laughed in his face and said no deal,
Kinzu dam is here to stay,
Congress turned the Indians down
Brushed off the Indians' plea,
So the Senecas have renamed the dam,
They call it lake perfidy . . .*

(To Chorus)

(Spoken)

*Washington, Adams and Kennedy,
Now hear their pledges ring,
The treaties are safe, we'll keep our word,
But what is that gurgling?
It's the back water from perfidy lake
It's rising all the time,
Over the homes and over the fields,
Over the promises fine,
No boats will sail on lake perfidy,
In winter it will fill,
In summer it will be a swamp,
And all the fish will kill,
But the Government of the U.S.A.,
Has corrected George's vow,
The father of our country must be wrong,
What's an Indian, anyhow . . .*

THE TALKING LEAVES

Moderate Waltz

Johnny Cash

A

(Choir): Oo

A **D**

A **D/E** **A**

D **A**

(spoken:) Se - quoi-a's

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D/E

A

win - ters were six - teen; si - lent tongue -- spir - it

D

A

clean. He walked at his fa - ther's side

%

A

a - cross the smok - ing bat - tle - ground, Where red
had died. The wind had scattered a - round snow white leaves

D

A

1.

and white men lay all around. So many men here
up - on the ground. Not leaves

2. D/E

like leaves from trees. Se - quoi-a said:
come leaves like these?" Se - quoi - a

D

"What can this be? What's this strange
turned to his fa-ther's eyes, and he thing here I
said: "Fa - ther,

1. A

see? From where

2. %

you're wise.

CODA

A

Repeat and fade

D.S. Repeat 4 times

From where come such snow white leaves with such
strange marks upon the squares?
Not even the wise owl could put them there—so
strange, these snow white leaves."
His father, shielding his concern, resenting the
knowledge Sequoia yearned,
Crumbled the snow white leaves,
He said, "When I explain, then it's done.
These are talking leaves, my son.
The white man's talking leaves.
The white man takes a berry of black and red, and
an eagle's feather from the eaglet's bed.
And he makes bird track marks.
And the marks on the leaves, they say, carry
messages to his brother far away.
And his brother knows what's in his heart.
They see these marks and they understand the truth
in the heart of the far-off man.

The enemies can't bear them."
Said Sequoia's father, "Son, they weave bad
medicine on these talking leaves.
Leave such things to them."
Then, Sequoia, walking lightly, followed his father
quietly. But so amazed was he.
If the white man talks on leaves, why not
the Cherokee?
Banished from his father's gaze, Sequoia went
from place to place.
But he could not forget.
Year after year, he worked on and on.
Till finally he cut into stone the Cherokee alphabet.
Sequoia's hair, by now, was white. His eyes began
to lose their light.
But he taught all who would believe that the
Indian's thoughts could be written down.
And he left us these talking leaves.

FIVE FEET HIGH AND RISING

Moderately

Johnny Cash

N.C.

C7

F

E

F

1. How high is the wa - ter, Ma - ma? Two feet high and
2. How high is the wa - ter, Ma - ma? Three feet high and

F

E

F

ris - ing. — How high is the wa - ter, Pa - pa? She said it's
ris - ing. — How high is the wa - ter, Pa - pa? She said it's

F

Gm7

two feet high and ris - ing. — But we can make it to the road in a
three feet high and ris - ing. — Well, the hives are gone, I

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F7

Bb

home made boat, 'cause that's the on - ly thing we got left that'll float. It's
lost my bees; chickens are sleep-in' in the wil - low trees.

C7

1. 2. 3.

F

al - ready o - ver all the wheat and oats. Two feet high and ris - ing.
Cows in wa - ter up past their knees. Three feet high and ris - ing.

F

4.

F

Slower

N.C.

ris - ing. Well, it's five feet high and ris - ing.

3. How high is the water, Mama? Four feet high
and rising.

How high is the water, Papa? She said it's
four feet high and rising.

Hey, come look through the window pane;
the bus is comin' gonna take us to the train.

Looks like we'll be blessed with a little more rain.
Four feet high and rising.

4. How high is the water, Mama? Five feet high
and rising.

How high is the water, Papa? She said it's
five feet high and rising.

Well, the rails are washed out north of town;
we gotta head for higher ground.

We can't come back till the water goes down.
Five feet high and rising;
Well, it's five feet high and rising.

UNDERSTAND YOUR MAN

Moderately

Johnny Cash

The first system of musical notation for 'Understand Your Man' is in G major, 4/4 time, and marked 'Moderately'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G-A-B, and then a quarter note G. The bass staff begins with a G2 half note, followed by a half note G-A-B, and then a quarter note G. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff features a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G-A-B, and then a quarter note G. The bass staff features a G2 half note, followed by a half note G-A-B, and then a quarter note G. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation includes the lyrics: "Don't call my name out your win - dow, I'm leav - in', give my oth - er suits to the Sal - va - tion Ar - my,". The treble staff features a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G-A-B, and then a quarter note G. The bass staff features a G2 half note, followed by a half note G-A-B, and then a quarter note G. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation includes the lyrics: "I won't e - ven turn my head; And ev - 'ry-thing else I leave be - hind;". The treble staff features a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G-A-B, and then a quarter note G. The bass staff features a G2 half note, followed by a half note G-A-B, and then a quarter note G. The system concludes with a double bar line.

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G Em E7

Don't send your kin - folks to give me no talk - in',
I ain't tak - in' noth - in' that - 'll slow down my trav - 'lin'

A7 D7

I'll be gone like I said.
While I'm un - tan - glin' my mind.

G7

You'd say the same old things that you been saying all a - long,
I ain't gon - na re - peat what I said an - y - more,

C C7

Lay there in your bed, keep your mouth shut till I'm gone.
While I'm breath - in' air that ain't been breathed be - fore.

G Em B7 Em

Don't give me that old fa - mil - iar cry - in' cuss - in' moan, —
 I'll be as gone as a wild goose in win - ter,

C D7 G (Spoken:) Em

Un - der - stand — your — man. Ti - dy your bad mouth and
 Then you'll un - der - stand — your — man. Med - i - tate on it,

C D7 1. G

un - der - stand — your — man. ——— 2. You can
 un - der - stand — your —

2. G Em C D7

man, You hear me talkin', honey, Un - der - stand — your —
 Re - member what I told you,

Repeat and fade

HAPPINESS IS YOU

Moderately

Johnny Cash and June Carter

Chords: Gm6, C7, F, Bb, F, C, F6, C7, F, C7, Cdim, C7.

Lyrics:

1. Way down the
2. I tried to

moun - tain,
doubt you,

I chased a moon - beam,
and live with - out you,

On the beach I built sand cas - tles
Tried to deny that I love you like I

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F C F6 C7 F

too; My moon - beams fad - ed,
do; But I re - al - ize now,

C7 3 F F7

My cas - tles tum - bled,
And I'll ad - mit it, You'll

Bb F Gm6 C7

All of this was mean - ing - less, 'cause hap - pi - ness is
al - ways be a part of me, 'cause

F Bb

you. No more chas - in'

C F C7 F F7

moon - beams, or catch - in' fall - ing stars;

B \flat C7 F

I know now my pot of gold is an - y - where you

C7 F6 C7 F

are. My heart won't miss you,

F C7 3 F F7

My heart goes with you;

B \flat F Gm6 C7

Lone - li - ness is emp - ti - ness, but hap - pi - ness is

1. F C7 F N.C. D.S. 2. F B \flat C F C7 F

you. you.

CRY, CRY, CRY

Moderately

Johnny Cash

B \flat C7 F

F E F

Ev-'ry bod - y know where you go when the sun goes

F Fm G7

down. I think you on - ly live to see the lights up -

C7 F

town. I wast - ed my time when I would try, try,

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F F7 Bb

try. 'Cause when the lights have lost their glow you'll

C7 F

cry, cry, cry. Soon your sug - ar

F

dad - dies will all be gone. You'll wake up some

F G7 C7 F

cold day and find you're a - lone, You'll call for me, but

F F7

I'm gon - na tell you bye, bye, bye. When I

B \flat C7 F

turn a - round and walk a - way you'll cry, cry, cry.

N.C. F7 B \flat 7

— You're gon - na cry, cry, cry, and you cry a -

F7 B \flat F

lone, When ev - ry - one's for - got - ten and you're left on your

F Fm G7 C7

own, you're gon - na cry, cry,

1. F B \flat 7 F N.C. 2. F B \flat 7 F

cry. Ev - 'ry - bod - y cry.

RUN SOFTLY, BLUE RIVER

Moderately

Johnny Cash

Run

soft - ly, Blue Riv - er, my dar - lin's a - sleep. Run

soft - ly, Blue Riv - er, run cool and deep. Oh, I

thrill to her kiss-es and she thrills to mine. Run

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F C7 F

soft - ly while she sleeps and dreams for a time. 'Cause she

C G7 C

dreams of to - mor - row when she'll be my wife. And I

C G7 C

pray that as peace - ful as you is our life. And if your

F Bb F

mur - mur - ing soothes me till I'm sleeping too, Run

F C7 F G7

soft - ly, Blue Riv - er, we'll both dream with — you.

C

Run

C G7 C

soft - ly, Blue Riv - er, my dar - lin's a - sleep. Run

C G7 C

soft - ly, Blue Riv - er, run cool and deep. Run

Repeat and fade

BIG RIVER

Boogie-Woogie

Johnny Cash

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of a continuous boogie-woogie bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal part is in the treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Now, I taught the weep-ing wil-low how to cry, And I showed the clouds how to cov-er up a clear blue sky. And the".

Chords indicated above the staff: G, C, G7, A7, D7.

Lyrics: Now, I taught the weep-ing wil-low how to cry, And I showed the clouds how to cov-er up a clear blue sky. And the

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The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has three measures with chords G, G7, and C7. The second system has six measures with chords C7, G, Gdim, D7, G, and D7. The third system has four measures with chords G, G, C6, and G. The lyrics are: 'tears that I cried for that wom-an are gon-na flood you, Big Riv-er. Then I'm gon-na sit right here un-til I die. 2. I die.' The score includes a piano (p) dynamic marking and a repeat sign with first and second endings.

G G7 C7

tears that I cried for that wom-an are gon-na flood you, Big

C7 G Gdim D7 G D7

Riv-er. Then I'm gon-na sit right here un-til I

1. 2, 3, 4. 5. C6 G

die. 2. I die.

2. I met her accidentally in St. Paul (Minnesota).
 And it tore me up ev'ry time I heard her drawl,
 Southern drawl.
 Then I heard my dream was back downstream
 cavortin' in Davenport,
 And I followed you, Big River, when you called.

3. Then you took me to St. Louis later on
 (down the river).
 A freighter said she's been here but she's gone,
 boy, she's gone.
 I found her trail in Memphis, but she just
 walked up the block.
 She raised a few eyebrows and then she went
 on down alone.

4. Now, won't you batter down by Baton Rouge,
 River Queen, roll it on.
 Take that woman on down to New Orleans,
 New Orleans.
 Go on, I've had enough; dump my blues down
 in the gulf.
 She loves you, Big River, more than me.

5. Now, I taught the weeping willow how to cry,
 And I showed the clouds how to cover up a
 clear blue sky.
 And the tears that I cried for that woman are
 gonna flood you, Big River.
 Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die.

HARDIN WOULDN'T RUN

Moderately

Johnny Cash

Chords: C, Am, E, G

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand plays chords in the treble clef, and the left hand plays a simple bass line in the bass clef. The chords are C, Am, E, and G.

G

1. I know a man whose plow han - dle hand is
2. you ev - er saw Wes Har - din draw, you

G

quick - er than a light. Wes Har - din is his
know he can skin his gun. He won't say how many

G

name, they say, he trav - els in the night. For
tried and died, Up a - gainst the top hand,

he might have to kill or walk a - round a
Up a - gainst the wrong man, 'cause Har - din would - n't

To repeat
G
fight. }
run. } 2. And if

To finish
G

3. He rode in like the Texas wind, took the
Eastbound train,
Goin', goin' with Jane Bowen, till the law
men caught up.
"So long, Janie. Chin up. I'll be back again."

4. Off he went to Huntsville prison,
"So long, Jane," he cried.
Fifteen years she waited, till her heart broke
and she died,
And she left that bad land to wait up in the sky.

5. Free at last, the payin' past for all the wrong
he did.
First free air they let him breathe since he
was a kid.
So let him come and let him go, and let him
deal and bid.

6. Near the border in El Paso "Lawyer" reads
the sign,
But you won't find him there for bus'ness ev'ry

day at nine.
For bus'ness is real bad, one client's all he had
in quite a long time.

7. Then Sheriff Selman's boy broke into Wes's
woman's place.
Up she jumped and pistol whipped him, kicked
him in the face.
And John Selman demands revenge for
this disgrace.

8. You can see her ev'ry night by candlelight at
Hardin's fav'rite bar.
She'd be hangin' on his arm, and very late
they'd leave there,
Headin' for the goose hair, glad it wasn't far.

9. Thru the swingin' door John Selman came with
blazin' gun.
Wes Hardin chug-a-luggin' red eye, got him in
the back of the head.
John Wesley Hardin fell dead, cause Hardin
wouldn't run.

THE BIG BATTLE

Moderately

Johnny Cash

Sheet music for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef. The key signature is C major, and the time signature is 3/4. The music is marked "Moderately". The first system includes a treble clef staff with a C major chord symbol and a bass clef staff. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note C, followed by a quarter note G, and then a half note F. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.

Sheet music for the second system, featuring a treble and bass clef. The key signature is C major, and the time signature is 3/4. The music is marked "Moderately". The second system includes a treble clef staff with a C major chord symbol and a bass clef staff. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note C, followed by a quarter note G, and then a half note F. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.

think, sir, the bat - tle is o - ver, And the
 you think the bat - tle is o - ver. And

Sheet music for the third system, featuring a treble and bass clef. The key signature is C major, and the time signature is 3/4. The music is marked "Moderately". The third system includes a treble clef staff with a C major chord symbol and a G7 chord symbol, and a bass clef staff. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note C, followed by a quarter note G, and then a half note F. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.

young sol - dier laid down his gun. I'm
 you e - ven lay down your gun. You

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G7

tir - ed of run - ning for cov - er. I'm
care - less - ly rise from your cov - er, For

G7 C C7

cer - tain the bat - tle is done. Oh,
you think the bat - tle is done. Now,

F C

see o - ver there where we fought them, It's
boy, hit the dirt; lis - ten to me, for

G7 C G7

qui - et for they've all gone a - way. All
I'm still the one in com - mand. Get

C G7

left is the dead and the dy- ing, The Blue ly - ing
flat on the ground here be - side me, And lay your ear

G7 C

'long side the Gray. hard to the sand. 2. So

To repeat To finish

3. (Can) you hear the deafening rumble?
Can you feel the trembling ground?
It's not just the horses and wagons
That make such a deafening sound.
For ev'ry shot fired has an echo,
And ev'ry man killed wanted life.
—There lies your friend Jim McKenney.
Can you take the news to his wife?

4. (—) No, son, the battle's not over.
You'll see that it's only begun.
The rest of the battle will cover
The part that has blackened the sun.
The fight yet to come's not with cannon,
Nor will the fight be hand to hand.
—No one will regroup the forces;
No charge will a gen'ral command.

5. (The) battle will rage in the bosom
of mother and sweetheart and wife.
—Brother and sister and daughter
Will grieve for the rest of their lives.
Now go ahead, rise from your cover.
Be thankful that God let you live.
—Go fight the rest of the battle
For those who gave all they could give.

6. (I) see, sir, the battle's not over.
The battle has only begun.
The rest of the battle will cover
This part that has blackened the sun.
Fortho' there's no sound of the cannon
And tho' there's no smoke in the sky,
I'm dropping the gun and the saber,
And ready for battle am I.

WRECK OF THE OLD NINETY-SEVEN

Quickly

Johnny Cash, B. Johnson, W. Blake

1. Well, they

give him his or ders at Mon roe, Vir -
might - y rough road from Lynch - burg to

gin - ia, say - in': "Steve, you're way be - hind
Dan - ville with a line on a three mile

time. grade. This is not Thir - ty
It was on that

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C7 F

Eight; this is old Nine - ty Sev - en. You must
grade that he lost his air brakes,

C G7 C

put her in - to Spen - cer on time."
See what a jump he made.

C C7

Then he turned a-round and said to his
He was go - in' down the grade, mak - in'

F C

black greas - y fire - man: "Hey, shov - el on a
nine - ty miles an hour, his whis - tle broke

The musical score is written for piano, with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system has a C major chord and a G7 chord. The second system has a C7 chord, an F major chord, and a C major chord. The third system has a G7 chord and a C major chord. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is written in the bass staff. The score includes a first ending (1. 2.) and a second ending (2. It's a) leading to a double bar line. A third ending (3.) is also indicated with a repeat sign.

lit - tle more coal; And when we
in - to a scream. He was found in the

cross that White Oak Moun - tain, watch old Nine - ty
wreck, with his hand on the throt - tle, a scald - ed to

Sev - en roll
death by the steam. 2. It's a

1. 2. D.S. 3.

3. Then a telegram come to Washington station
And this is how it read:
"Oh that brave engineer that run old
Ninety-Seven,
He's a lying in old Danville dead."

4. So now all you ladies you better take a warning
From this time on and learn:
Never speak harsh words to your true
lovin' husband;
He may leave you and never return.

WHEN PAPA PLAYED THE DOBRO

Lively

Johnny Cash

G7

C

1. My

C

Pa - pa was a ho - bo when they de - liv - ered
com - pa - ny would come around he kept the do - bro

F

me.
hid.

We did - n't have a - doc - tor 'cause he
He knew he could - n't play the way the

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C

could - n't pay the fee. But when the go - in'
oth - er play - ers did. Why the gui - tar's reso -

got too bad, to ease his mis - er - y, But
na - tor was a gal - lon buck - et lead.

G G7

Pa - pa played the do - bro this - a way:
Pa - pa played the do - bro this - a way:

C7 F C F F C F

And he'd go:

3. Well, now that Papa's gone away, it's hanging
by the flue.
The top of it's rusted and the strings are
rusty too.
It won't ever sound the way that it did when
it was new.
When Papa played the dobro this-a way:
And he'd go:

LUTHER'S BOOGIE

Fast Boogie Tempo

Johnny Cash

Fast Boogie Tempo

Johnny Cash

We were

just a plain ol' hill - bill - y band with a plain ol' coun - try
did our best to en - ter - tain ev - 'ry - where we'd

style;
go;

We nev - er played the kind
We'd near - ly wear our fin -

of songs that would drive an - y bod - y wild;
gers off, just to give the folks a show;

C D7 G

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G7 C C7

We played a rail-road song with a stomp-in' beat, we played a
We played the jump-in' jive to make 'em get in the groove, we played the

F7 C7 F7 D7

blues song, kind-a slow and sweet; But the thing that knocked them
sad songs, real slow and sweet; But the on-ly thing that'd

D7 G G7

off-a their feet was make 'em move was } ooh we-e When

C6

Luth-er played the Boo-gie Woo-gie Luth-er played the Boo-gie Woo-gie.

F

C G7

Luth-er played the Boo-gie in the stran - gest

1. C

G7

kind of way. Well, we

2. C

way. (spoken:) How dear Luther

C G7 C

played the Boogie strange!

NO, NO, NO

Moderately

Johnny Cash

(Boy): I'm a

poor boy from the farm land, Your father is a wealthy
dad-dy brings you silk to sew from the finest shops in

sail-in' man. If I asked you for your hand
To-ky-o. He told you to turn me down, I know, but

would you tell me } no, oh, no, no, no.
don't say }

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(Girl): You're a poor boy from the farm — land, my
Yes, dad - dy owns a clip - per ship, and he

Dad - dy is a wealth - y sail - in' man. — He told me if you
brings me beads on ev - 'ry trip. And pink champagne for

asked my hand, I'd bet - ter tell you no, oh,
me to sip, and you're the poor - est boy I know, so

no, no, no. 2. Your

3. A Slower A E7 A D A
no, oh, no, no, no.

3. (Boy) *I can't give you anything,
I can't afford a wedding ring,
A present that I'd like to bring.
But oh, I love you so, oh, don't say no.*

(Girl) *My Daddy's three days out to sea,
And he would turn me across his knee,
If he knew you were kissing me.
But I can't let you go,
Oh, no, no, no, oh,
(Both) No, no, no.*

OH, WHAT A GOOD THING WE HAD

Lively

Johnny Cash and June Carter

Am Am7 F7 G7 C F F#dim C G9 5

C

Am

(Boy): Sun - shine and show - ers, and ev - 'ry-thing com - in' up
Long weeks of wait - in' and liv - in' for the day we

Am F G G7

dai - sies, } Oh, what a good thing we
mar - ry, }

C Am F

had, (Both): Gone bad; 3 (Boy): Oh, what a

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G C

good thing we had.

C Am

(Girl): Drive - ins and pic - nics and ev - 'ry day was
Hap - pi - ness and laugh - ter, we found ev - 'ry-thing we

Am F G C

Sat - ur-day, — } Oh, what a good thing we had, gone
were af-ter, — }

Am F G C

bad, 3 Oh, what a good thing we had.

(Boy): The whole wide world was jeal - ous, We

C C7

would-n't hear a thing they'd tell us, Nev-er did need an - y

F D7

mon - ey, — Ev - 'ry-thing was milk and — hon - ey, oh,

D7 G N.C.

(Both): Long walks — by the riv - er — Talk - in' 'bout liv - in' to -

C Am

Am F G

geth - er, Oh, what a good thing we

C Am F

had, gone bad, Oh, what a

G C

good thing we had.

1.

2. C D7 G G7 C Am

(Both): What a good thing we had, gone bad.

F G G7 C

Oh, what a good thing we had.

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT

Johnny Cash and June Carter

Moderately

mf

1. Well, I

see you've lost your hon - ey bee. I know how you must be

feel-in' now; you feel sad, sad. But, boy, it ain't that bad; You

Chords: F, Bb, F, B, F, C7, F, C7, F, G7, C7, F, F7, Bb

Tempo: Moderately

Dynamic: *mf*

Lyrics: 1. Well, I see you've lost your hon - ey bee. I know how you must be feel-in' now; you feel sad, sad. But, boy, it ain't that bad; You

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F Bb F Bb F C7

cry just a lit - tle bit, And die just a lit - tle bit, And then you'll be all

To repeat F

To finish F C7 F C7 F C7 F

right. right.

2. Why, don't you know,
 it wasn't long ago,
 your honey bee
 was queen of my bee tree.
 But then away she flew,
 and took my honey to you.
 You cry just a little bit,
 and die just a little bit,
 and then you'll be all right.

3. Well, I pity you;
 I know what you're going through.
 You saw your queen bee fly;
 your honeycomb went dry.
 But if you keep pushin' on,
 you won't care if she's gone.
 You cry just a little bit,
 and die just a little bit,
 and then you'll be all right.

SING IT PRETTY, SUE

Moderately

Johnny Cash

C7 F

1. So you

F

gave up all be - tween us for a glam - or - ous ca -
 hope you'll soon be on the top of ev - 'ry hit pa -

F Dm C7

reer; And with all your tal - ent you should be the
 rade; I'll try to be ex - cit - ed 'bout the

Bb F

big star of the year. Then you'll be pub - lic
 prog - ress that you've made. I'll col - lect your

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F Dm

prop'r - ty, so I re - lease my claim to you; Go And
pic - tures like an - y fan would do; And

C7

on and give 'em all you've got Sing it pret - ty,
I'll buy all your rec - ords, So sing it pret - ty,

F F7 Bb

Sue. Sue. But I can't take just I won't ev - er

Bb F Bb F F7

part of you and give the world a half, So
tell a soul that we have ev - er met, I'll

Bb

F

Bb

Dm6

C7

smile for all the pa-pers and give 'em au - to - graphs.
just be one of mil-lions who'll give the praise you get.

C7

F

Go on to all the cit - ies, so your
And may - be ev - 'ry year or so, I'll

F

Dm

C7

pub - lic can see you, But I'll watch on tel - e -
drop a card to you, To tell you I'm still

C7

1.
F

vi - sion, So sing it pret - ty,
lis - t'ning, So sing it pret - ty,

Sue.

2.
F

2. I

Sue.

OLD APACHE SQUAW

Moderately

Johnny Cash

D

Old A - pach - e
Old A - pach - e

D

squaw, How man - y long, lean years you saw?____
squaw, How man - y hun - gry kids you saw?____

D A7

How man - y bit - ter win - ter nights,____ Shiv-'rin' in a cold tee -
How man - y blood - y war - ri - ors,____ Run-nin' to the

D A7 1. D

pee, Shiv-'rin' in a cold tee - pee?
sea, Flee-in' to the

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2.
D D7 G

sea? Well, now they tell me that you saw Co - chise, when

D D7 G

he made his last stand; He said, "The next white man that

G N.C.

sees my face is gon - na be a dead white man."

D

Old A - pach - e squaw, How man - y bro - ken

D

hearts you saw?— You've had mist - y eyes for years,—

A7 D

Could that mist be tears? Could that mist be

1. D A7

tears? Well, now Old A - pach - e

D

squaw.

Repeat and fade

FORTY SHADES OF GREEN

Moderately, with expression

Johnny Cash

F C Dm7 G7 C

C C7 F

{ close my eyes and pic - ture the em - 'rald of the
wish that I could spend an hour at Dub - lin's churn - ing

F Fdim F C

sea. From the fish - ing boats at Din - gle, to the
surf. I'd love to watch the farm - ers drain the

D7 G7 C

shores of Dun - a - dee. I miss the Riv - er
bogs and spade the turf. To see a - gain the

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C C7 F

Shan - non and the folks at Skip - pa - ree. The
thatch - ing of the straw the wom - en glean. I'd

F Fdim F C Dm7 G7

moor lands and the mid - lands with their for - ty shades of
walk from Cork to Liarn to see the for - ty shades of

C C7 F G G7

green. }
green. } But most of all I miss a girl in

C G7 C C7 F

Tip - per - ar - y Town. And most of all I

G G7 C G7

miss her lips as soft as ei - der - down. A -

C C7 F

gain I want to see and do the things we've done and seen.

F C

Where the breeze is sweet as Shal-i-mar, and there's

1. Dm7 G7 C Da Capo

for - ty shades of green. 2. I

2. Dm7 G7 C

rall.

YOU REMEMBERED ME

Moderately bright

Johnny Cash

1. You were young and need-ed love, and I was wild and
 2. I be-lieved that prom-is-es were made to break a -

free. part. But ev - 'ry time you said a prayer, you
 But ev - 'ry time I broke a vow, I

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G7 C C

said a prayer_ for me. By the ring_ up-
 al - ways broke_ your heart. So here's to you; God

G F C

on your hand_ we vowed fi-del - i - ty. }
 bless you now_ where ev - er you_ may be. }

F C G7

There were times_ when I for-got;_ but you re-mem - bered

C G7

me. You re-mem - bered on - ly that

C G⁺ C G7

wed - ding bells would ring. You re - mem - bered

D7 G

on - ly to count the days till spring.

G F Bbdim G7 C G

You were filled with love and hon - or,

F C F

but I could - n't see. I re - gret that

C G7 1. C 2. Fine

I for-got, 'cause you re-mem - bered me.

THE WHIRL AND THE SUCK

Johnny Cash

Moderately

1.

C7

F

>

2.

C7

F

Free

Bb

F

It took a might - y good man with salt - y hands, — and a

C7

Bb

F

might - y long raft to keep the fore be - fore the aft. You take

a tempo

Bb

F

C7

ten good men and guts and luck, — And you might nav - i - gate the

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F

whirl and the suck.

F

1. Well, the
2. When

Fine

F

Ten - nes - see Riv - er changed its mind.____
General Washington was in his Knicker - bocks, the

F

At Chat - ta - noo - ga she ought - a un - wind.____ She could - a
Cherokee Indians through the Chattanooga Rocks, and the

C7

F

F

run right on____ to the Geor - gia Sea,____ But she
Chickamauga Tribe and the Nick - a - jack,

F B \flat Bdim \emptyset C7 F

cut right back through
picked up the watch when

Ten - nes - see.

B \flat 7 F F

Well, the set - tlers came — by raft and boat, —

F C7 F

Bring-in' an - y - thing that would stay a - float. — But like a

F

lo - co horse — that-'ll twist and buck, — They hard-ly ev-er made it thru the

D.S. al ff

C7 F

whirl and the suck. It took a

C7 F

the riv-er cut back. And if a raft or a boat ev - er

F

rode the bend, The In - di - ans got 'em 'cause they

D.S. al fine

C7 F

had 'em hemmed in. It took a

AUSTIN PRISON

Moderately

Johnny Cash

System 1: Piano introduction. Chords: D, E7, A9b, D.

System 2: Vocal entry. Chord: D.
 1. They had a

System 3: Continuation of vocal line. Chords: D, A7, D.
 war - rant out for me all o - ver the coun - try.
 steel grey eyes were blaz - in' when he saw me,

System 4: Continuation of vocal line. Chord: D.
 And I was try - in' to beat the raps in I - da -
 His hand was on his gun when he rode

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ho; I was break - in' in - to a
up; He said: "You killed that

D7 G
school - house Sun - day morn - in' with - out
woman, I know you shot her, why'd you

G Gm D A7
warn - in', when I saw the sher - iff com - in' for me
do it? I'm tak - ing you to Aus - tin, then I'm

D A7 D
slow from down be - low.
gon - na lock you up." 2. His

CODA
D E7 A9b D

3. Well, be tied me with a blow iron the
next mornin',
and he had me deep in Texas the next day.
A crazy, screamin' lynch mob waited in the
streets of Austin,
but he put me in the jailhouse, and he threw
away the key.

4. A jury found me guilty three months later,
twelve evil men with murder in their eyes.
They even took me out and said,

"Now, show us where you killed her!"
And that wicked judge said,
"Now I hereby sentence you to die."

5. But here I am quite away from Austin Prison;
my friend, the jailer, handed me a file.
Now all I want between me and there are a
lot of friendly people,
and miles and miles and miles and miles
'and miles and miles and miles.

A BOY NAMED SUE

Moderately bright

Shel Silverstein

B \flat

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand plays a series of chords (F7, Bb, F7, Bb) while the left hand plays a simple eighth-note bass line (F, Bb, F, Bb).

Recitative

B \flat

E \flat

Edim

1. Well, my daddy left home when I was three, And he didn't leave much to
2. must have thought it was quite a joke, And it got lots of laughs from

F7

B \flat

Ma and me, Just this old gui-tar and an empty bottle of booze.
a lot of folks, it seems I had to fight my whole life thru.

Now,
Some

B \flat

E \flat

Edim

I don't blame him be-cause he run and hid,
gal would gig-gle and I'd get red, And some

But the mean-est
guy would laugh and

thing that he ev-er
I'd bust his

				For repeats	Last time
F7		Bb			
<p>did was be-fore he left, he went and named me Sue. 2. Well, he</p> <p>head, I tell you, life ain't eas-y for a boy named Sue.</p>					

3. (Well,) I grew up quick and I grew up mean.
 My fist got hard and my wits got keen.
 Roamed from town to town to hide my shame,
 but I made me a vow to the moon and stars,
 I'd search the honky tonks and bars and kill
 that man that give me that awful name.

4. But it was Gatlinburg in mid July and I had
 just hit town and my throat was dry.
 I'd thought I'd stop and have myself a brew.
 At an old saloon on a street of mud
 And at a table dealing stud sat the dirty,
 mangy dog that named me Sue.

5. Well I knew that snake was my own sweet dad
 from a worn-out picture that my mother had.
 And I know that scar on his cheek and his evil eye.
 He was big and bent and gray and old
 And I looked at him and my blood ran cold,
 and I said, "My name is Sue. How do you do.

Now you're gonna die." Yeah, that's what
 I told him.

6. Well I hit him right between the eyes and he
 went down, but to my surprise he come up
 with a knife
 And cut off a piece of my ear. But I busted a
 chair right across his teeth. And we
 crashed through
 The wall and into the street kicking and
 a-gouging in the mud and the blood
 and the beer.

7. I tell you I've fought tougher men but I really
 can't remember when.

He kicked like a mule and he bit like a
 crocodile. I heard him laughin' and then
 I heard him cussin',
 He went for his gun and I pulled mine first.
 He stood there looking at me and I saw
 him smile,

8. And he said, "Son, this world is rough and if
 a man's gonna make it, he's gotta be tough
 And I know I wouldn't be there to help you
 along. So I give you that name and I
 said 'Goodbye,'
 I knew you'd have to get tough or die. And it's
 that name that helped to make you strong.

9. Yeah," he said, "now you have just fought one
 helluva fight, and I know you hate me
 and you've
 Got the right to kill me now and I wouldn't
 blame you if you do. But you ought
 to thank me
 Before I die for the gravel in your guts and the
 spit in your eye because I'm the ————
 That named you Sue."

Yeah, what could I do? What could I do?

10. I got all choked up and I threw down my gun.
 Called him a pa and he called me a son,
 And I come away with a different point of view.
 And I think about him now and then.
 Every time I tried, every time I win and if I
 ever have a son I think I am gonna name him
 Bill or George—anything but Sue.

WHAT DO I CARE?

Freely

Johnny Cash

When I'm all through, if I have-n't been what they think I should be, If the

to - tal is - n't high e - nough when they fig - ure me, When

I grow old if there's no gray from wor-ry in my hair, What do I

Moderately - In Tempo

care? What do I care? What do I

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Chorus:

Chorus:

F C

care, just as long as you are mine a lit - tle while. When the

F C

road was long and wea - ry you gave me a few good miles. What do I

F C Ab7

care if I miss a goal be - cause I make a slip? I'll

D7 G7

still be sat - is - fied be - cause I tast-ed your sweet lips. What do I

F C

care if I nev - er have much mon-ey, And some

F C

times my ta - ble looks a lit - tle bare?

F

An - y - thing that I may miss is made up

C Ab7 D7 D

for each time we kiss. You love me and I love

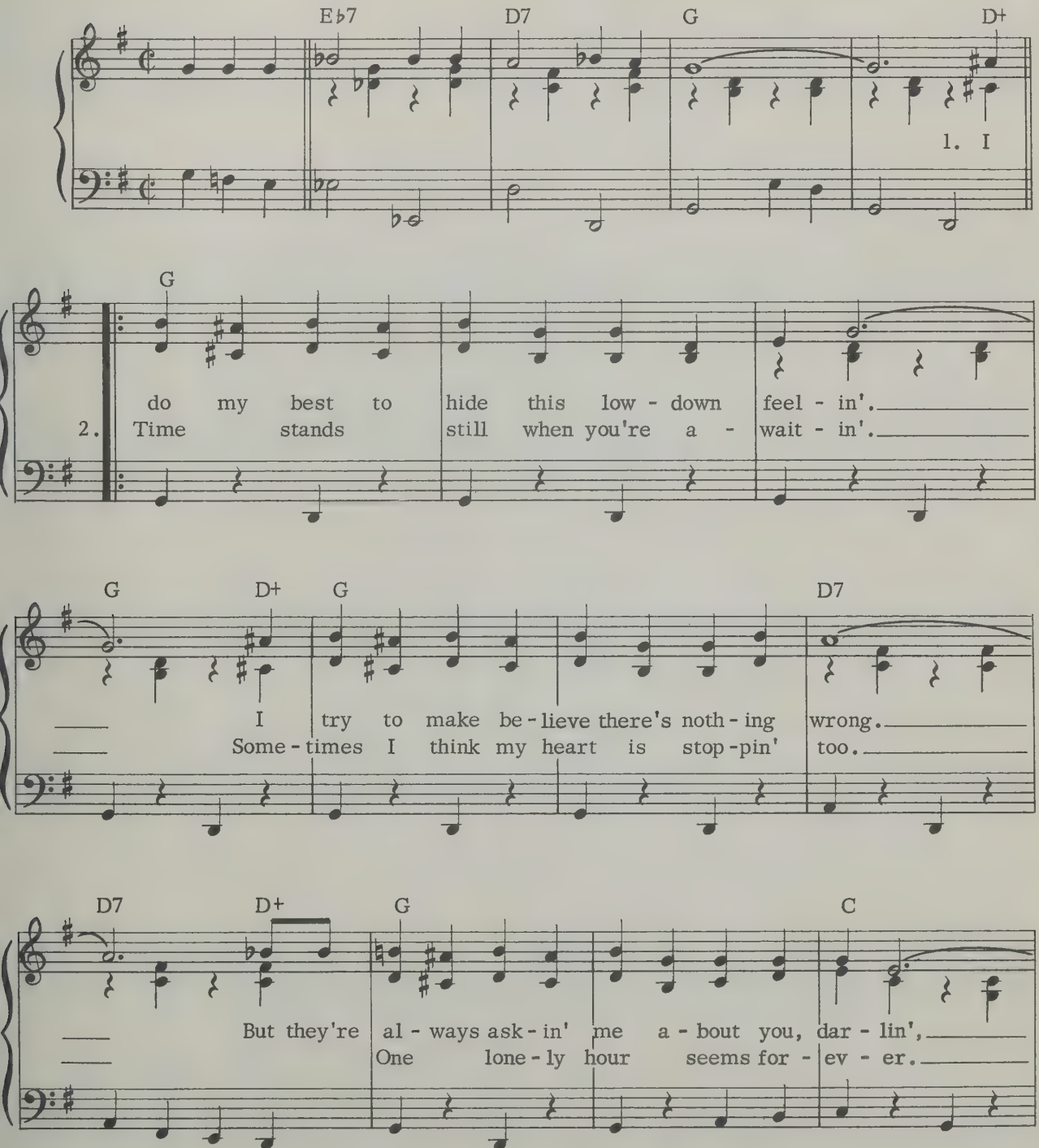
G7 C 1. N.C. 2.

you, so what do I care? What do I

SO DOGGONE LONESOME

Moderately bright

Johnny Cash



1. I

2. Time do my best to hide this low-down feel-in'.
stand still when you're a - wait-in'.

I try to make be-lieve there's noth-ing wrong.
Some-times I think my heart is stop-pin' too.

But they're al-ways ask-in' me a-bout you, dar-lin',
One lone-ly hour seems for-ev-er.

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C G D7

And it hurts me so to tell 'em that you're
Six - ty min - utes more a - wait-in' for

G D+ G

gone. _____ If they ask me I guess I'd be de -
you. _____ But I guess I'll keep wait - in' till you're

G D+

ny - in', _____ That I've been un - hap - py all a -
with me. _____ 'Cause I be - lieve that lov - in' you is

D7 D+ G

lone. _____ But if they heard my heart, they'd hear it
right. _____ But I don't care if the sun don't rise to -

C G D7

cry - in', mor - row, "Where's my dar - lin', If I can't have you when's she com - in' with me to -

G G7 C

home?" night. I ask my - self a I know I'll keep on

C G G7

mil - lion times what's right for me to do, To lov - ing you 'cause true love can't be killed. I

C G

try to lose my blues a - lone or hang a - round with ought to get you off my mind, but I guess I nev - er

D7 G

you. But I think it's pret - ty good un - til that
will. I could have a doz - en oth - ers but I

C G

moon comes shin - in' through, And then I get so
know I'd love you still, 'Cause I get so

D7 G Eb7 D7

dog - gone lone-some. _____
dog - gone lone-some. _____

1. G D+ 2. G

JOHNNY CASH:

Notes for albums *Johnny Cash*
at Folsom Prison

and *Bob Dylan: Nashville Skyline*

FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

for "Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison"

The culture of a thousand years is shattered with the clanging of the cell door behind you. Life outside behind you immediately becomes unreal. You begin to not care that it exists. All you have with you in the cell is your bare animal instincts.

I speak partly from experience. I have been behind bars a few times. Sometimes of my own volition—sometimes involuntarily. Each time, I felt the same feeling of kinship with my fellow prisoners.

Behind the bars, locked out from "society," you're being rehabilitated, corrected, re-briefed, re-educated on life itself, without your having the opportunity of really reliving it. You're the object of a widely planned program combining isolation, punishment, training, briefing, etc., designed to make you sorry for your mistakes, to re-enlighten you on what you should and shouldn't do outside, so that when you're released, if you ever are, you can come out clean, to a world that's supposed to welcome you and forgive you.

Can it work??? "Hell no," you say. How could this torment possibly do anybody any good. . . . But then, why else are you locked in?

You sit on your cold, steel mattress and watch a cockroach crawl out from under the filthy commode, and you don't kill it. You envy the roach as you watch it crawl out under the cell door.

Down the cell block you hear a steel door open, then close. Like every other man that hears it, your first unconscious thought reaction is that it's someone coming to let you out, but you know it isn't.

You count the steel bars on the door so many times that you hate yourself for it. Your big accomplishment for the day is a mathematical deduction. You are positive of this, and only this: There are nine vertical, and sixteen horizontal bars on your door.

Down the hall another door opens and closes, then a guard walks by without looking at you, and on out another door.

"The son of a"

You'd like to say that you are waiting for something, but nothing ever happens. There is nothing to look forward to.

You make friends in the prison. You become one in a "clique" whose purpose is nothing. Nobody is richer or poorer than the other. The only way wealth is measured is by the amount of tobacco a man has, or "Duffy's Hay" as tobacco is called.

All of you have had the same things snuffed out of your lives. Everything it seems that makes a man a man: Women, money, a family, a job, the open road, the city, the country, ambition, power, success, failure—a million things.

Outside your cellblock is a wall. Outside that wall is another wall. It's twenty feet high, and its granite blocks go down another eight feet in the ground. You know you're here to stay, and for some reason, you'd like to stay alive—and not rot.

So for the fourth time I have done so in California. I brought my show to Folsom. Prisoners are the greatest audience that an entertainer can perform for. We bring them a ray of sunshine in their dungeon and they're not ashamed to respond, and show their appreciation. And after six years of talking, I finally found the man who would listen at Columbia Records. Bob Johnston believed me when I told him that a prison would be the place to record an album live.

Here's the proof. Listen closely to this album and you hear in the background the clanging of the doors, the shrill of the whistle, the shout of the men—even laughter from men who had forgotten how to laugh.

But mostly you'll feel the electricity and hear the single pulsation of two thousand heartbeats in men who have had their hearts torn out, as well as their minds, their nervous systems, and their souls.

Hear the sounds of the men, the convicts all brothers of mine—with the Folsom Prison Blues.

Johnny Cash, 1968



OF BOB DYLAN

for "Bob Dylan: Nashville Skyline"

There are those who do not imitate,
Who cannot imitate
But then there are those who emulate
At times, to expand further the light
Of an original glow.

Knowing that to imitate the living
Is mockery
And to imitate the dead
Is robbery

There are those
Who are beings complete unto themselves
Whole, undaunted—a source
As leaves of grass, as stars,
As mountains, alike, alike, alike
Yet unlike

Each is complete and contained
And as each unlike star shines
Each ray of light is forever gone
To leave way for a new ray
And a new ray, as from a fountain
Complete unto itself, full, flowing.

So are some souls like stars
And their words, works and songs
Like strong, quick flashes of light
From a brilliant, erupting cone.
So where are your mountains
To match some men?

This man can rhyme the tick of time
The edge of pain, the what of sane
And comprehend the good in men, the bad in men
Can feel the hate of fight, the love of right
And the creep of blight at the speed of light
The pain of dawn, the gone of gone
The end of friend, the end of end
By math of trend

What grip to hold what he is told
How long to hold, how strong to hold
How much to hold of what is told.

And Know

The yield of rend; the break of bend
The scar of mend
I'm proud to say that I know it.
Here-in is a hell of a poet.
And lots of other things
And lots of other things.

Johnny Cash, 1969

PICKING WITH JOHNNY CASH

by Happy Traum

Most of the songs in this book can be described as "country songs," not because they are necessarily from a rural neighborhood, but because the rhythms and chord patterns create a traditional sound and feeling that has its roots in the American folk style. The guitar is of course the instrument which most typifies this style, and its sound is almost indispensable to country music. Listen to any of the songs — "I Walk The Line," "Folsom Prison," "Jackson," "A Boy Named Sue," — and you will hear the familiar *boom-chick-a boom-chick-a* rhythm setting the time as folk and country guitarists have been doing for generations.

This guitar style has many names. Woody Guthrie called it the "church lick," others call it the "scratch," and many name it after a singing group that first made that particular guitar sound famous — The Carter Family. (You can still see and hear Mother Maybelle Carter, one of the original trio, picking and singing on many of Johnny Cash's shows, and her singing daughter, June Carter, is married to Johnny Cash.) The Carter Family guitar style can be learned easily even by someone just starting the guitar, and it will certainly add to his enjoyment of these songs.

The Carter Family lick is based on a bass-chord bass-chord pattern usually played with a flat-pick, although some people prefer a thumb and forefinger combination instead. Here is how it goes:

Finger a chord — let's start with A.

- 1) Pluck down on your bass (5th or A) string, producing a sharp, clear tone. Use your thumb or flat pick.
- 2) Brush down (↓) across the three highest strings with your index finger or pick.
- 3) Brush up (↑) across the same three strings.

Repeat all three steps, this time using an alternate bass note (6th or 4th string).

Now do the whole thing again, this time saying: *boom* (bass)-chick (↓) a (↑); *boom-chicka, boom-chicka . . .*

That's all there is to it. Try it with different chords, experimenting to find the bass notes that sound best with the chord you are playing. Keep the rhythm good and steady — try not to slow down or speed up. Once you feel at home with this strum, try it with a song.

If you are playing in 3/4 time, the strum would be slightly different, although not more difficult to play: *boom-chicka-chicka / boom-chicka-chicka* (bass-down-up-down-up). Concentrate on getting a steady rhythm, with clean bass notes and sharp, clear chords.

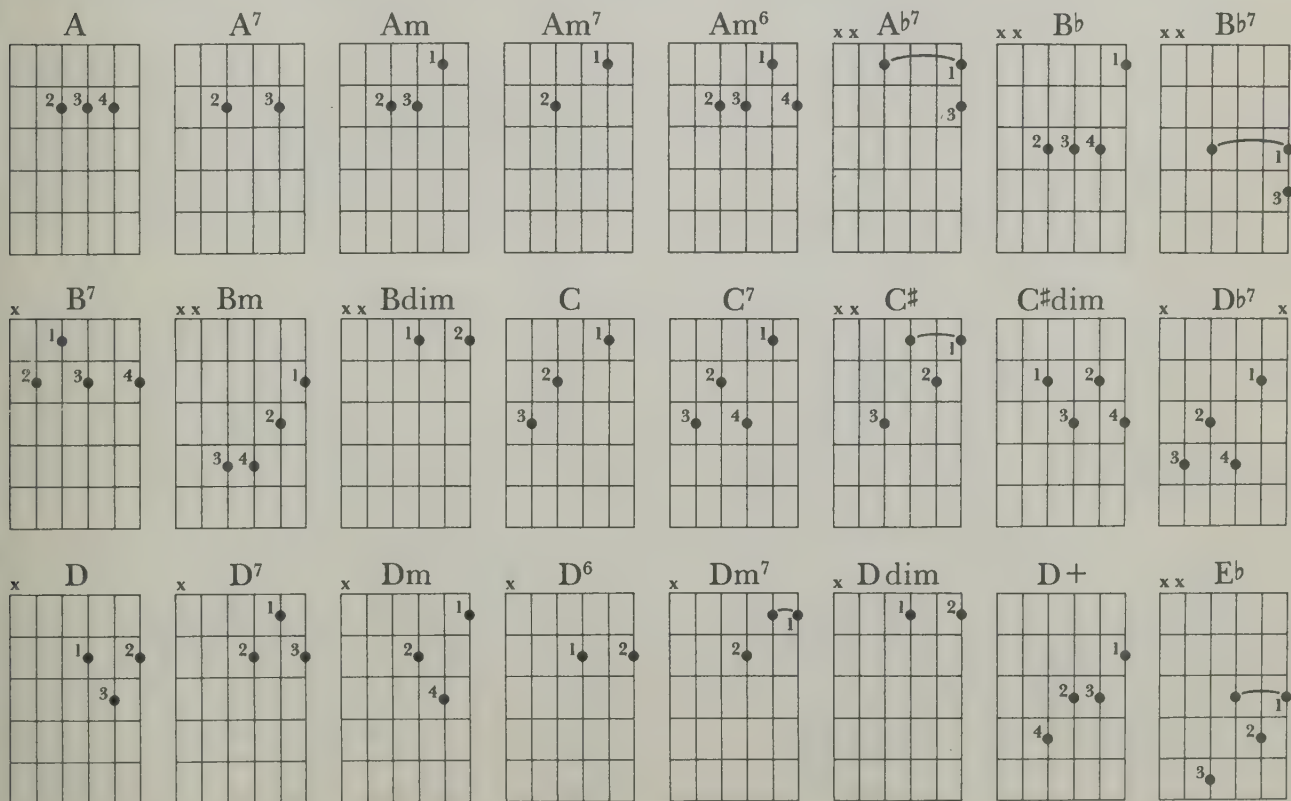
Playing these songs on guitar will increase your enjoyment of them, partly because you will be approximating the sounds you hear on records, radio and TV, and partly because the guitar lends itself so beautifully to these songs. Its voice has become familiar to us through the years, and most of us have come to love it as an integral part of our heritage. It is also an easy instrument to pick up and play with a minimum of musical training.

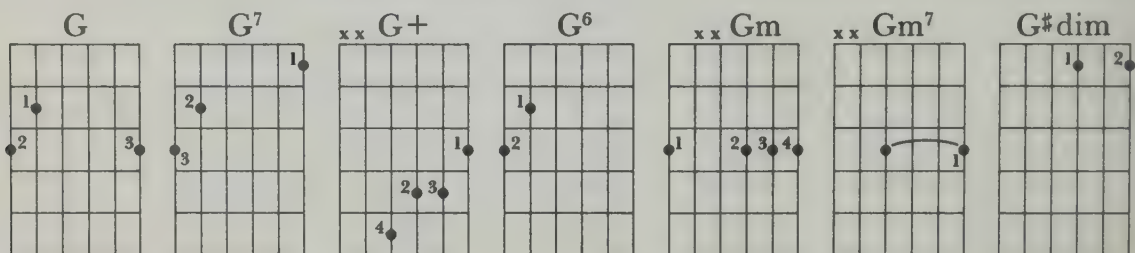
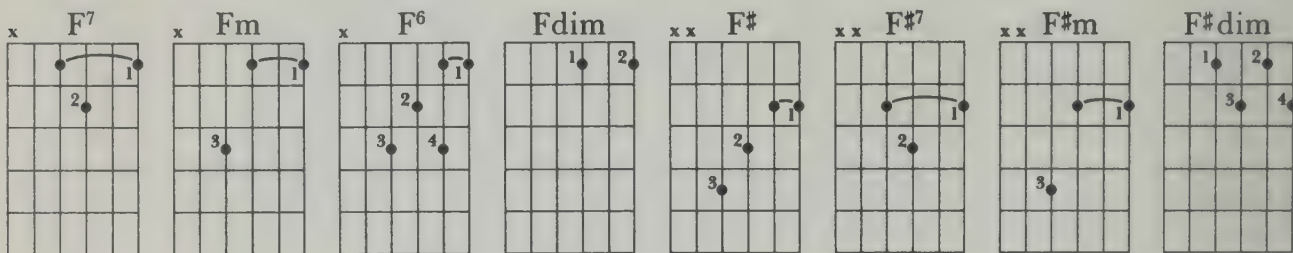
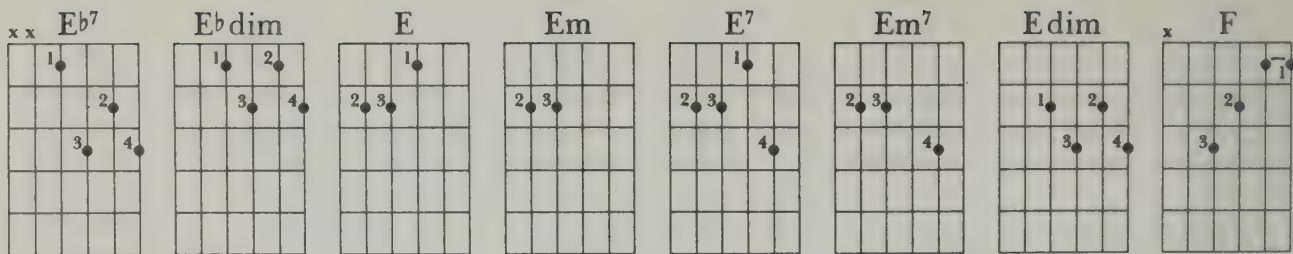
Of course, even if you master these techniques perfectly, you will not sound like a

Johnny Cash record. He is backed by a tight, professional group (The Tennessee Three) playing electric guitar, bass and drums behind his folkly church lick. This group, and the sound it produces, has become almost as much a trademark for Johnny Cash as the famous voice itself. If you listen carefully, you will hear that the basis for this sound is still the traditional strum, but the guitar is set to make a sharp, metallic treble sound, and is played with short, precise "chops," the strings cut off almost before they have a chance to ring. The guitarist often plays chord inversions up the neck, which increases the sharp, treble sound. The bass and drums fill out the rest of the accompaniment in a similarly rhythmic way.

If you have an electric guitar, and are a little more advanced, you might try to get some of these sounds. If not, play the songs as well as you can, and you will have a fine time with them.

We have included below a page of chord diagrams for those who are unfamiliar with the chords in this book.





SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

ORIGINAL GOLDEN HITS, VOL. 1
Sun Records (100)

ORIGINAL GOLDEN HITS, VOL. 2
Sun Records (101)

STORY SONGS OF THE TRAINS AND
RIVERS (JOHNNY CASH AND THE
TENNESSEE TWO)
Sun Records (104)

GET RHYTHM
Sun Records (105)

SHOWTIME
Sun Records (106)

Folsom Prison Blues / Hey, Porter / So
Doggone Lonesome / There You Go /
Next in Line / Cry, Cry, Cry / I Walk
the line / Don't Make Me Go / Train
of Love / Home of the Blues / Get Rhythm

Ballad of a Teen-age Queen / Come In,
Stranger / The Ways of a Woman in
Love / You're the Nearest Thing to
Heaven / I Just Thought You'd Like To
Know / Give My Love to Rose / Guess
Things Happen That Way / Just About
Time / Luther's Boogie / Thanks a Lot /
Big River

Hey, Porter / Train of Love / Blue Train /
I Heard That Lonesome Whistle / Port
of Lonely Hearts / Wreck of the Old 97 /
Rock Island Line / Big River / Wide Open
Road / Down the Street to 301 / Life
Goes On

Get Rhythm / Mean Eyed Cat / You Win
Again / Country Boy / Two Timin' Wom-
an / Oh Lonesome Me / Luther's Boogie
/ Doin' My Time / New Mexico / Bel-
shazah / Sugartime

Guess Things Happen That Way / Come
In, Stranger / Rock Island Line / There
You Go / Big River / Ballad of a Teen-
age Queen / I Walk the Line / The Wreck
of the Old 97 / Cry, Cry, Cry / Hey, Porter
/ Folsom Prison Blues

JOHNNY CASH SINGS THE BALLADS OF
THE TRUE WEST

Columbia Records C2S 838

THE FABULOUS JOHNNY CASH

Columbia Records CS 8122

SONGS OF OUR SOUL

Columbia Records CS 8148

RIDE THIS TRAIN

Columbia Records CS 8255

THE SOUND OF JOHNNY CASH

Columbia Records CS 8602

RING OF FIRE:

THE BEST OF JOHNNY CASH

Columbia Records CS 8853

Hiawatha's Vision / The Road to Kaintuck / The Shifting, Whispering Sands, Part I / The Ballad of Boot Hill / I Ride an Old Paint / Hardin Wouldn't Run / Mister Garfield / The Streets of Laredo / Johnny Reb / A Letter From Home / Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie / Mean as Hell / Sam Hall / 25 Minutes To Go / The Blizzard / Sweet Betsy From Pike / Green Grow the Lilacs / Stampede / The Shifting, Whispering Sands, Part II / Reflections

Run Softly, Blue River / Frankie's Man, Johnny / That's All Over / The Troubadour / One More Ride / That's Enough / I Still Miss Someone / Don't Take Your Guns to Town / I'd Rather Die Young / Pickin' Time / Shepherd of My Heart / Supper-Time

Drink to Me / Five Feet High and Rising / The Man on the Hill / Hank and Joe and Me / Clementine / The Great Speckle Bird / I Want To Go Home / The Caretaker / Old Apache Squaw / Don't Step on Mother's Roses / My Grandfather's Clock / It Could Be You

Loading Coal / Slow Rider / Lumberjack / Dorraine of Ponchartrain / Going to Memphis / When Papa Played the Dobro / Boss Jack / Old Doc Brown

Lost on the Desert / Accidentally on Purpose / In the Jailhouse Now / Mr. Lonesome / You Won't Have Far To Go / In Them Old Cottonfields Back Home / Delia's Gone / I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know / You Remembered Me / I'm Free From the Chain Gang Now / Let Me Down Easy / Sing It Pretty, Sue

Ring of Fire / I'd Still Be There / What Do I Care / I Still Miss Someone / Forty Shades of Green / Were You There /

I WALK THE LINE
Columbia Records CS 8990

BITTER TEARS
Columbia Records CS 9048

FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA
Columbia Records CS 9447

JOHNNY CASH'S GREATEST HITS,
VOL. 1
Columbia Records CS 9478

CARRYIN' ON WITH JOHNNY CASH
AND JUNE CARTER
Columbia Records CS 9528

The Rebel — Johnny Yuma / Bonanza /
The Big Battle / Remember the Alamo /
Tennessee Flat-Top Box / Peace in the
Valley

I Walk the Line / Bad News / Folsom
Prison Blues / Give My Love to Rose /
Hey, Porter / I Still Miss Someone / Un-
derstand Your Man / Wreck of the Old
97 / Still in Town / Big River / Goodbye,
Little Darlin', Goodbye / Troublesome
Waters

As Long as the Grass Shall Grow / Apache
Tears / Custer / The Talking Leaves / The
Ballad of Ira Hayes / Drums / White
Girl / The Vanishing Race

From Sea to Shining Sea / The Whirl
and the Suck / Call Daddy From the Mine
/ The Frozen Four-Hundred-Pound Fair-
to-Middlin' Cotton Picker / The Walls of
a Prison / The Masterpiece / You and
Tennessee / Another Song To Sing / The
Flint Arrowhead / Cisco Clifton's Fillin'
Station / Shrimpin' Sailin' / From Sea to
Shining Sea (*Finale*)

Jackson (*with June Carter*) / I Walk the
Line / Understand Your Man / Orange
Blossom Special / The One on the Right
Is on the Left / Ring of Fire / It Ain't
Me, Babe / The Ballad of Ira Hayes /
The Rebel — Johnny Yuma / Five Feet
High and Rising / Don't Take Your Guns
to Town

Long-Legged Guitar Pickin' Man / Shan-
tytown / It Ain't Me, Babe / Fast Boat to
Sydney / Pack Up Your Sorrows / I Got
a Woman / Jackson / Oh, What a Good
Thing We Had / You'll Be All Right /
No, No, No / What'd I Say

JOHNNY CASH AT FOLSOM PRISON
Columbia Records CS 9639

Folsom Prison Blues / Dark as the Dungeon / I Still Miss Someone / Cocaine Blues / 25 Minutes To Go / Orange Blossom Special / The Long Black Veil / Send a Picture of Mother / The Wall / Dirty Old Egg-Sucking Dog / Flushed From the Bathroom of Your Heart / Jackson (*with June Carter*) / Give My Love to Rose (*with June Carter*) / I Got Stripes / Green, Green Grass of Home / Greystone Chapel

JOHNNY CASH IN
THE HOLY LAND
Columbia Records KCS 9726

Prologue / Land of Israel / A Mother's Love / This Is Nazareth / Nazarene / Town of Cana / He Turned the Water Into Wine / My Wife June at the Sea of Galilee / Beautiful Words / Our Guide Jacob at Mount Tabor / The Ten Commandments / Daddy Sang Bass / At the Wailing Wall / Come to the Wailing Wall / In Bethlehem / In the Garden of Gethsemane / The Fourth Man / On the Via Dolorosa / Church of the Holy Sepulchre / At Calvary / God Is Not Dead

JOHNNY CASH AT SAN QUENTIN
Columbia Records CS 9827

Wanted Man / Wreck of the Old 97 / I Walk the Line / Darling Companion / Starkville City Jail / San Quentin / A Boy Named Sue / Peace in the Valley / Folsom Prison Blues

HELLO, I'M JOHNNY CASH
Columbia Records KCS 9943

If I Were a Carpenter / See Ruby Fall / Blistered / To Beat the Devil / I've Got a Thing About Trains / Route #1, Box 144 / Sing a Traveling Song / Wrinkled, Crinkled, Wadded Dollar Bill / 'Cause I Love You / The Devil to Pay / Southwind / Jesus Was a Carpenter

AWARDS 1956

BMI Award:

Folsom Prison Blues

I Walk the Line

So Doggone Lonesome

1957

The Cash Box Award:

The Most Programmed Male
Country Vocalist

BMI Award:

Next in Line

There You Go

Train of Love

1958

BMI Award:

Big River

Come In, Stranger

Home of the Blues

It's a Little More Like Heaven Where

You Are

The Cash Box Award:

The Most Programmed Male
Country Vocalist

1959

BMI Award:

All Over Again

Don't Take Your Guns to Town

I Got Stripes

Luther Played the Boogie

What Do I Care?

1964

BMI Award:

The Matador

Understand Your Man

1967

GRAMMY Award:

Best Country and Western
Performance—duet, trio, or
group (vocal or instrumental)—
Jackson

—Johnny Cash,
June Carter (Columbia)

1968

GRAMMY Award:

Best Album Notes

(Annotator's Award)—
Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison

—Johnny Cash,
Annotator (Columbia)

GRAMMY Award:
Best Vocal Performance, male
Folsom Prison Blues

Johnny Cash
Jackson

Johnny Cash and
June Carter

1969

Country Music Association
Annual Awards:
Entertainer of the Year
Single Album of the Year:

A Boy Named Sue

Album of the Year:

San Quentin

Male Vocalist of the Year
Vocal Group of the Year
(with June Carter)

Founding

President's Award—For
Outstanding Service to the

Country Music Association

The SESAC Award for
Lorena

Metronome Award—Man of
the Year

Gold Record Awards, awarded
by Record Industry Association
of America, Inc.

Ring of Fire

Johnny Cash,
Feb. 11, Columbia

I Walk the Line

Johnny Cash,
July 14, Columbia

BMI Award:

Folsom Prison Blues
Daddy Sang Bass

1970

GRAMMY Award:
Male Vocalist of the Year
Best Album Notes
(Annotator's Award)

Nashville Skyline

(Bob Dylan)—Johnny Cash,
Annotator (Columbia)

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SONGS OF JOHNNY CASH



In his music, Johnny Cash tells us who he is. His honesty, his convictions and concerns, his sincerity, humor, and emotion are expressed directly and clearly. The music is the man. Here, through photographs, Johnny Cash's own words, through the songs he has written and those he is most associated with is a portrait of one of America's most dynamic and magnetic performers.

Back Cover photo by Joel Baldwin, courtesy Look Magazine



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